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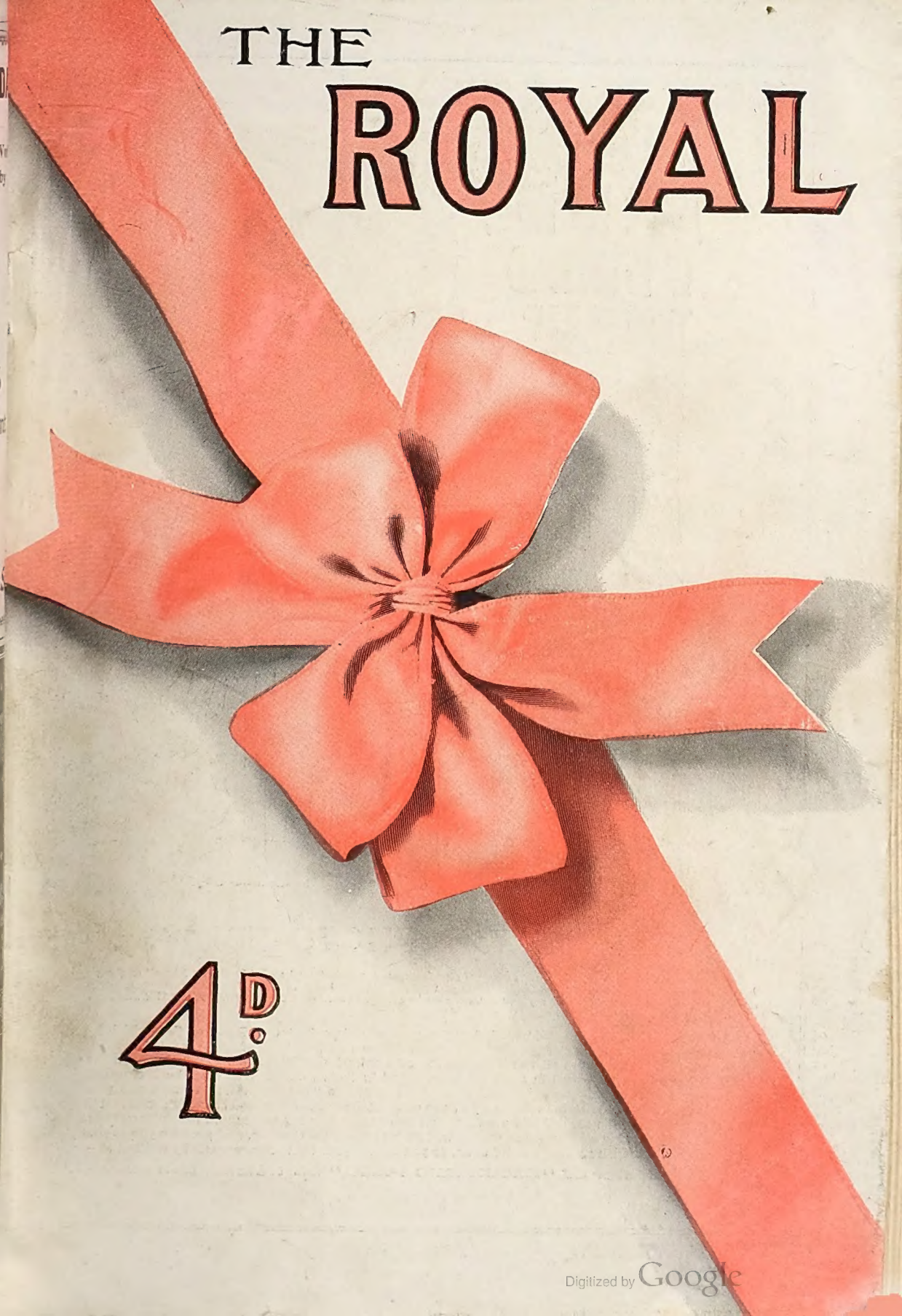

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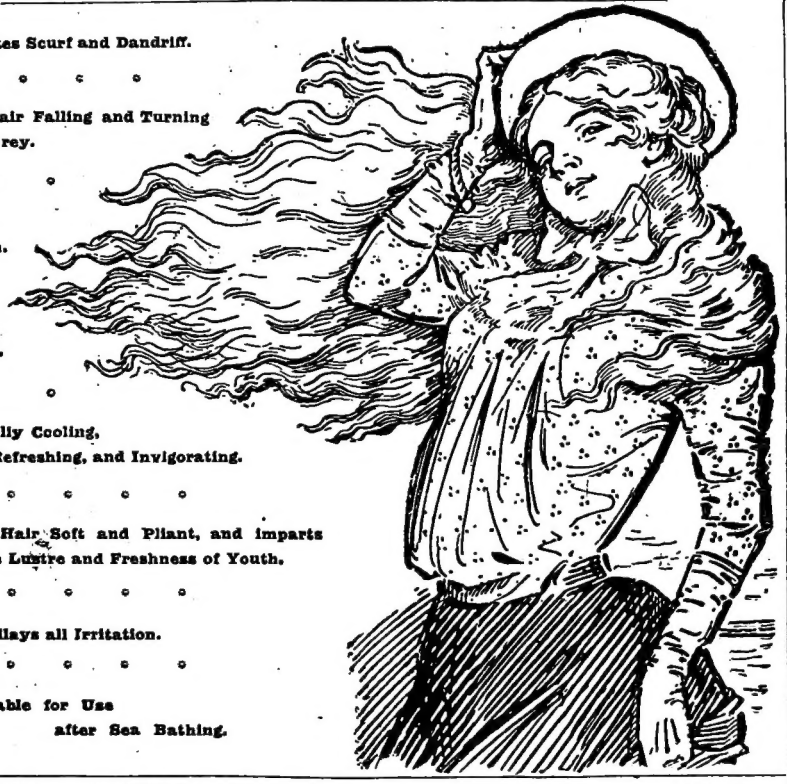

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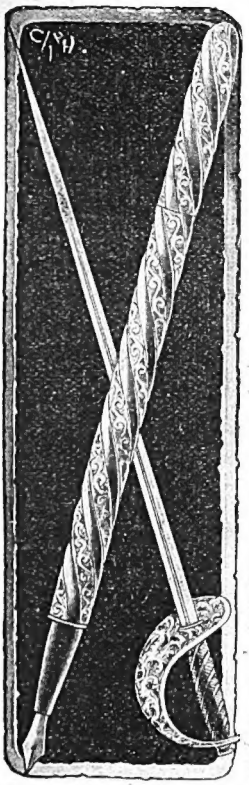

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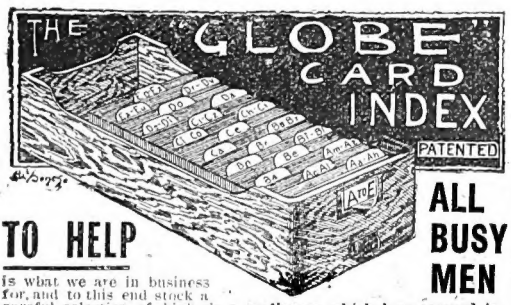

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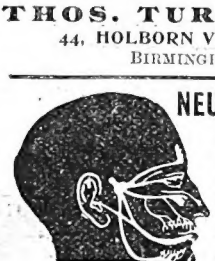

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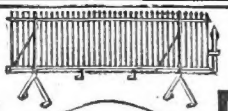
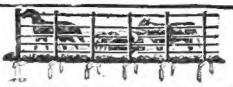
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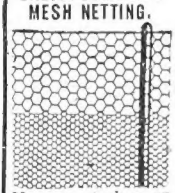
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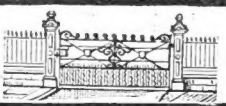

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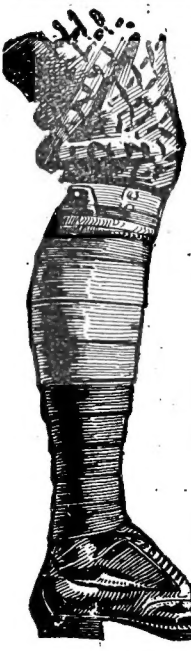

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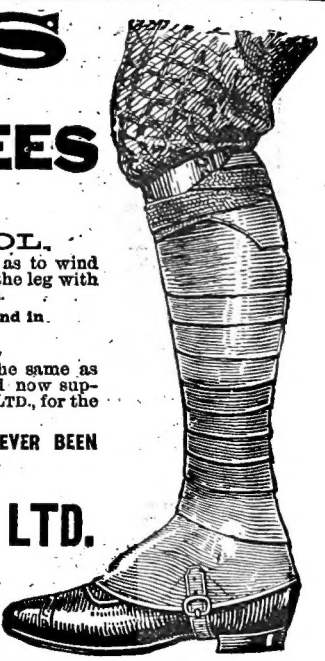

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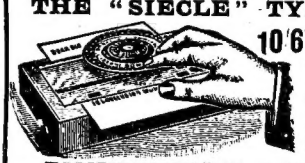

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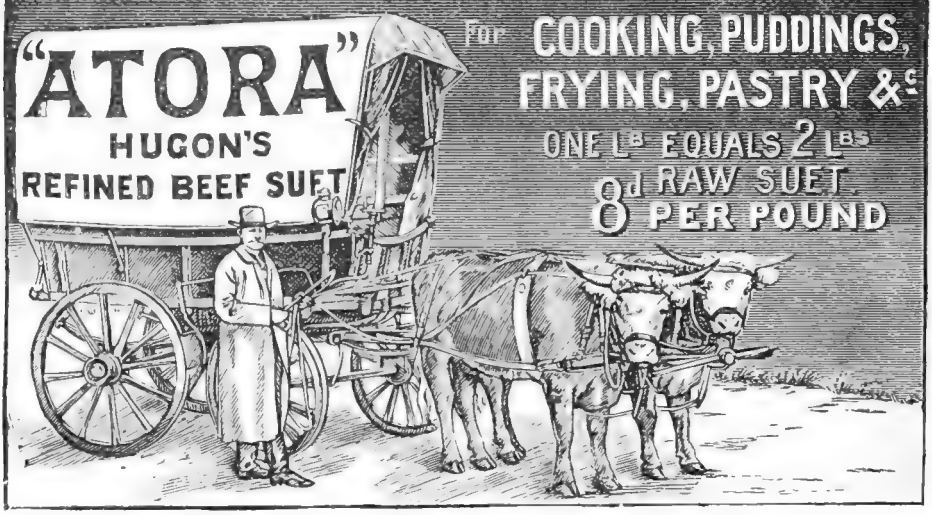

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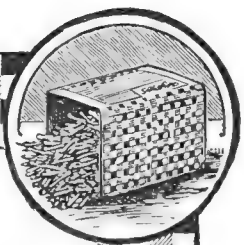

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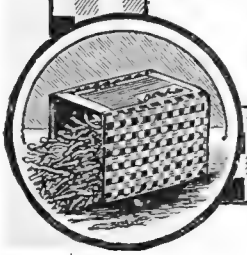
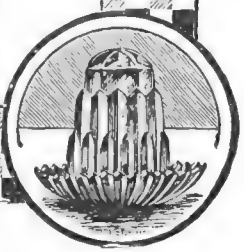

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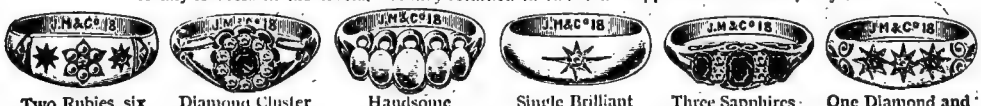

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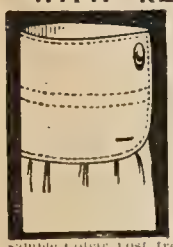

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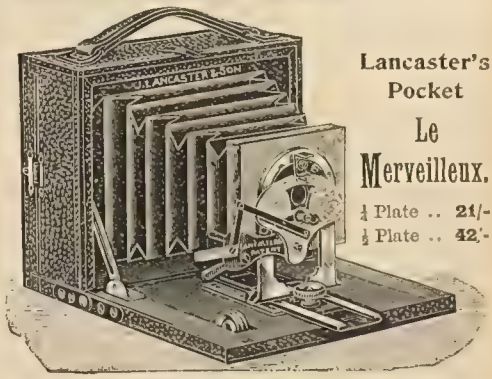

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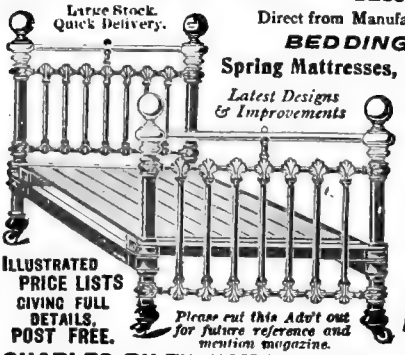

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each, post free, 4/-; third six months, 4/-, post free, 4/6

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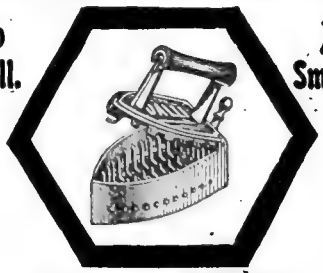

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LORD KITCHENER WOUNDED IN THE FACE NEAR SUAKIM. (See page 208.)

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Photo by Madame Lallie, Regent's Park.

Trimming. The art of trimming photographs is, if the truth be known, one of the most difficult attainments in photography. Many and many an excellent photograph is ruined by being left too large. The sky is out of proportion to the trees and scenery, or the whole balance of the picture is destroyed by a tree being left in.

The judicious use of the knife makes a marvellous difference. It turns an ordinary commonplace landscape into a beautifully balanced little picture. I am quite certain that a vast number of my readers have never thoroughly appreciated the possibilities of proper trimming. Just go over some of your prints, and apply the knife. You must use care, for nothing is more insidious than paring the edges of photos. But if you have any real sense of the artistic you will improve your pictures a hundredfold.

Vignetting.

Another, but entirely distinct method of getting rid of the superfluous in photographs is by vignetting. To vignette evenly is not always easy. The secret of success in this instance lies in keeping the printing frame in constant motion.

One of the best methods I have come across has the further advantage of being one of the simplest imaginable.

Take a fishing-rod, or lath, or even a walking-stick, and fix it so that it projects out of one of the upstairs windows of your house. At the end of the rod tie a short length of string—a few inches are enough. To the string make fast a long double or treble thread of worsted. Don't tie the worsted direct to the stick, lest it cut through.

Photo by Lafayette.

Two Little Pets.

At the other end of the worsted you must fix a board or piece of stiff cardboard capable of carrying the printing frame. This is easy enough. Tie four pieces

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of string, one to each corner of the board, and, drawing them together, tie them to the worsted three or four feet from the ground. You will thus have a sort of tray, the string at each corner being seven or eight inches in length. On the tray you place your printing frame with the vignetter. Now turn the arrangement round and round so that the worsted becomes well twisted.

The effect of course is, that when you let go, the worsted unwinds and thus spins the frame. Having unwound itself it continues twisting until it has wound itself in the opposite direction, when presently it stops and unwinds itself again. One good twist at the outset, will keep the frame in motion for an hour or more. It is needless to add, that the longer the length of worsted, the longer will the frame wind and unwind of its own accord.

Photo by Frederick Downer.

The Spirit of the Night.

This apparatus will be found exceedingly useful if used in a diffused light, for printing pictures from a cracked negative.

Double Exposures.

Some very amusing results are to be obtained by the double exposures of a film or plate. We all know the comical effect of an accidental double exposure. Few people, however, have deliberately set to work to manufacture a picture by photographing two entirely different objects or views on the same plate.

It is not art nor is it even serious photography. But it is very amusing. There is more than a double element of chance. It is not merely a question of the success of the two different pictures. It is a question of what the combined result of the two will be.

Photo by F. A. Fawkes.

A Spill.

Readers will notice with amusement the expression on the faces of the children in their attempts at a good pose

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Photo by W. D. Downey.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
  Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:
E'en suns, which systems now control,
  Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

—Byron.

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With some skill and care really curious and startling effects are obtainable. A lovely river frontage can be put to a town house, or an omnibus planted in the middle of the front lawn. With respect to heads you get sometimes the most curious results, but they are very difficult; indeed, a success is almost a fluke.

Spirit Photographs and Ghosts.

I AM not prepared to express too decided an opinion on spiritualism; but I do suggest that many a spiritualistic photograph is really and truly infinitely more prosaic and commonplace than the victim imagines.

The mysterious shadowy figure looming in the corner of the interior view you have taken is not nearly as mysterious as it seems. The fact is, many so-called spirit pictures are the results of very skilfully doctored plates prepared before their sale to the amateur photographer.

They have already been exposed. A picture of someone dressed up in ghostly attire, or perhaps a mere face is photographed with an intensely black background. Having been developed and fixed it is again sensitised and is ready for sale. The result is, of course, that when a fresh picture is taken there appears as part of the new picture the first shadowy figure, the transparent background of which allows the new background to show up quite plainly.

Plates of this description are kept in stock by many dealers in photographic materials, and can be obtained if specially asked for.

Photo by F. M. Sutcliffe.

An old Salt.

Photography for the Million.

THE advent of the hand camera completely revolutionised photography, at any rate, with respect to its popularity. Formerly, a few amateurs used to indulge in a pastime requiring very considerable skill. But the apparatus was costly, and, moreover, of considerable weight, and bulky.

Then came the period of "press the button and we will do the rest." That meant that anyone using a little care, and gifted with a modicum of intelligence, could get most satisfactory pictures. Moreover, the apparatus was of a most convenient size, and light.

Still, although the snapshot camera had brought the possibility of taking pictures within the power of most ordinary individuals, the question of price was a serious limitation. America led the van in solving this problem, until excellent hand cameras could be got for three guineas, two guineas, thirty shillings, and, finally, for one guinea.

The Pocket Kodak.

THE pocket Kodak has, I should suppose, sold by hundreds of thousands. It is small, and it certainly gives a very sharp little picture. But, to my mind, cheap as the pocket Kodak is, it is not altogether satisfactory. The

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

THE WATER CARRIER.

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pictures are too microscopic. Even a magnifying glass fails to make pocket Kodak results of much interest to anyone but the individual who took them.

Mind you, I have seen some wonderful enlargements. One amateur of my acquaintance, during a visit to Egypt and a journey up the Nile, must have taken fully a thousand pictures. He printed them off, and mounted them in batches of thirty and forty, and framed them. They make an interesting collection. Some of them, however, he enlarged, and each one is quite worthy of a frame to itself.

A Five-Shilling Camera. A Pocket Kodak costs one guinea, and is only partially satisfactory. What, then, is to be said of a camera that gives a photo of more than twice the area, and costs only five shillings?

By the time this article appears in print the Brownie Camera will be on the market, and I can only believe that its advent will mark the demise of the pocket Kodak. I have handled the little affair, and a more marvellous five-shillings' worth has, to my knowledge, never been devised. The lens is a good one, and every fitting works like a piece of clockwork. The pictures, too, are 2½in. square. This is an excellent size, and capable of being enlarged into really first-class pictures.

Of course, it is a box camera with fixed focus fitted with an instantaneous shutter. Time exposures can, however, be made, and some of the time-exposed results that I have seen are most excellent. The same can be said of the snapshots I have taken. With proper surrounding circumstances the five-shilling Brownie will give you as good a result, if somewhat smaller, as a five guinea camera.

View-Finders. In one respect only do I think a slight improvement possible. There is no view-finder. For the money, I suppose, one could scarcely be expected, but an extra sixpence, or even shilling, should have been able to cover the cost of adding one, and I am sure it would have been appreciated. There are two angle lines marked off indicating the picture that will be included, so that a little practice will enable one to snapshot with accuracy without a finder.

Photo by R. W. Copeman.

An Early Lesson in Stock-Rearing.

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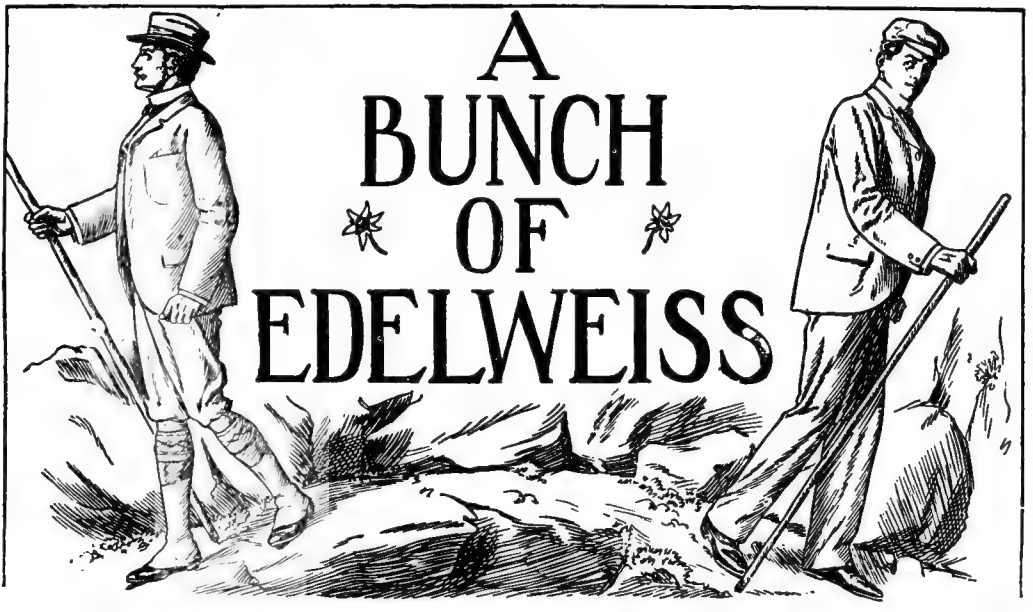

A BUNCH OF EDELWEISS

By George Gamble.

Author of "A Farrago of Folly,' etc., etc.

"And so you would really——"

"Really what?" she encouraged.

"Like a bunch of edelweiss?"

"I should greatly prize it—if——"

"If what?" he filled in.

"You—you brought it to me."

The woman made another appropriate pause. Then she went on to say that she would think so much more of the desired flower if it were plucked—for her—from some dangerous crag—well, not very dangerous; just sufficiently dangerous to show that the accomplishing was worth the attempting. She added softly that she did not want one of the dried specimens—as worn in their hats by the tourists, and offered for sale by the guides: such things seemed so easy to obtain, so mechanical, so unenticing, so—so unreminiscent. She liked her souvenirs to have some memorial qualities; and flowers purchased ready-pressed for keeping were as transient in their interest, as worthless in their emotional value, as alleged curios bought at a bazaar. Besides, concerning this particular bunch of edelweiss, this bunch of living edelweiss, she would like it for its rarity, for its difficulty, for its—its beauty. And, above all, she would like it for its suggestions of—of devo——thoughtfulness.

Gerald heard the well-judged breaks of voice and deviations of phrase, Gerald saw the nicely-guided downcast lids and tremulous mouth; but, as he also heard the melodious utterance with its sweet softenings, and as he also saw the black thickness of the lowered fringes and the red ripeness of the mobile lips, he in nowise took account of that which was well-judged or nicely-guided.

"And if," he said eagerly, "if I obtain your wished-for flower—the flower that I shall be only too delighted to get for you—what shall I win in exchange?"

The woman laughed.

"Ah, you men always want something in exchange!"

"Only from certain people, my dear Lillian."

"Surely it's more blessed to give than to receive."

"That depends from whom one receives—and what."

"Well, name your—your return."

"A photograph—of——"

"Mont Blanc?"

"Certainly not!"

"What? Not of the 'Monarch of Mountains,'" she asked playfully.

"No; of the Queen of Women—and of Men," he answered earnestly.

Then ensued a voluble silence.

"But," murmured Lillian, "when one

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"I want a kiss from you as the seal of a treaty that you will—one day be my wife."

gives a photograph—one promises the original. Now I——"

"Have done that in advance," reminded Gerald, taking her hand—also a kiss.

"Don't be stupid as well as greedy," she admonished. "They'll see you from the windows of the hotel."

"Granted—if they can see through a clump of pines."

"Oh, those people could see through a brick wall, if they thought on the other side sat a pair of—f——"

"Fools?"

"Friends."

"And we would sharpen their sight still more: are we not a pair of lovers?"

"That," she replied evasively, "would not interest them. They only unshutter their eyes, they only crane their necks, for people who are going to be lovers. The folly accomplished, they are interested no more. So, if you still want to be accounted interesting—and I assure you that *I* do—you will not let anyone know that we're engaged."

"Especially as I've so little money," he said bitterly.

"Well, don't remind me of it," she murmured, "or——"

"You will forget me entirely?"

"Or I'll love you more than ever."

"Why? You delicious enigma!"

"Because, if you remind me that you are only a good-looking pauper, I shall have but yourself to think of, and not your future property. And then I shall be as helplessly in love with you as you are—or as you say you are—with me."

The clause—cunningly restrictive—in her last sentence, brought about its desired result; and Lillian had the satisfaction of hearing her lover renew his protestations of fondness. Suddenly, remembering a certain appointment, she bade her devoted admirer go forth upon his search for that bunch of edelweiss: the floral emblem of noble purity, constancy, truth—and several other fantastical things.

Gerald had not long departed when his place was taken—literally and figuratively—by another man. The in-comer was of about the same age and height as the outgoer: twenty-seven years and sixty-nine inches. He was dark, whereas Gerald was

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fair; but as Lillian was "between colours," she had no predilection or disinclination for either complexion. And she had more than one reason, if not excuse, for encouraging this man to talk.

"How I wish, my dear Miss Hurst," he began pleasantly, "that I could plant this arbour in my grounds at home!"

"Surely you could have a similar one built!"

"And twelve more like it," he said, laughing.

"Then why desire this particular one?"

"Because of its past associations—and——"

"And?" she questioned archly.

"And its present contents," he concluded.

"You could afford even those," she murmured.

"Yes, I'm not a poor man," he said quietly.

"No; you have my friendship."

"A woman's friendship is either the legacy of her love, or the alms of her indifference."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Go on."

"I'm neither a mendicant nor a legatee. That is to say, my dear Miss Hurst, that I'm not so—at present. But as you've up till now (kindly or unkindly, I don't know which) refrained from telling me if there is any chief claimant on your emotional bank-book—I am not yet aware as to whether I shall be beholden to your charity or to your goodwill. We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by those we possess. Now, you, no doubt, have powers of selection as well as of attraction and retention, and—I'm not sure that you will so select me. But I'm positive that I'm not echoing a merely local sentiment when I say that you are as rare and worthy as a bunch—nay, a bundle—of edelweiss."

At that she confessed to him one of the dearest wishes of her heart. He smiled; he sighed; he spoke:

"And so you would really——"

"Really what?" she encouraged.

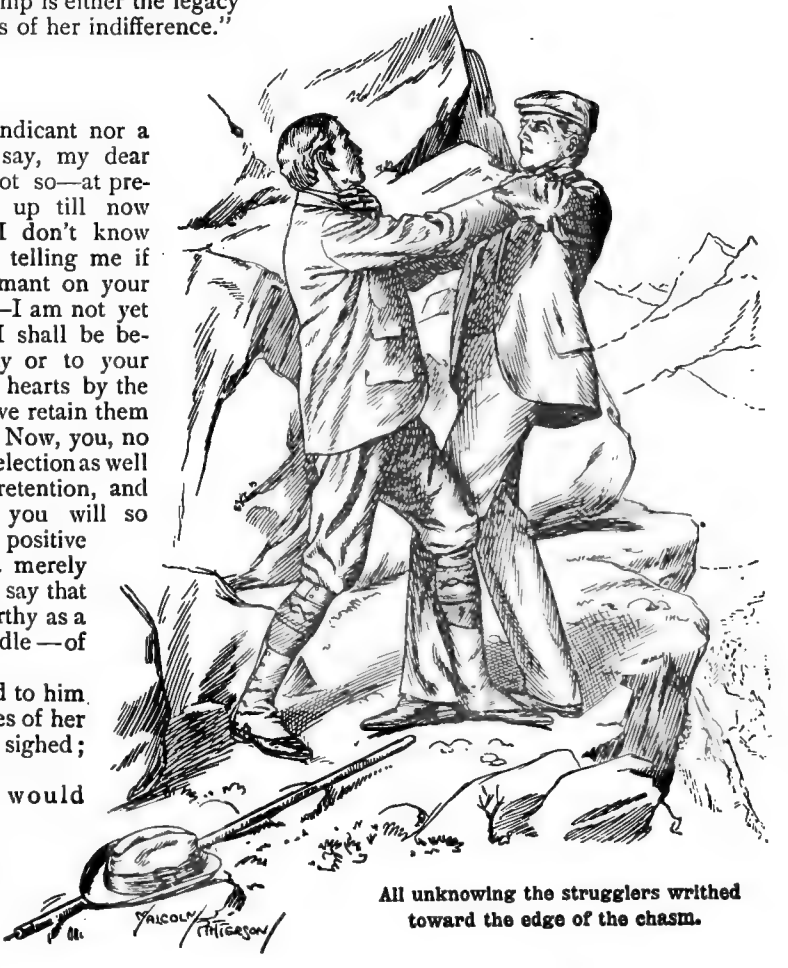
"Like a bunch of edelweiss."

"I should greatly prize it—if——"

"If what?" he filled in.

"You—you brought it me."

The woman made another appropriate pause. Then she went on to say that she would think so much more of the desired flower if it were plucked—for her—from some dangerous crag—well, not very dangerous; just sufficiently dangerous to show that the accomplishing was worth the attempting. She added softly, that she did not want one of the dried specimens—worn in their hats by the tourists, and offered for sale by the guides: such things seemed so easy to obtain, so mechanical, so unenticing, so—so unreminiscent. She liked her souvenirs to have some memorial qualities; and flowers purchased ready-pressed for keeping were as transient in their interest, as worthless in their emotional value, as alleged curios bought at a bazaar. Besides, concerning this particular bunch of



All unknowing the strugglers writhed toward the edge of the chasm.

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edelweiss, this bunch of living edelweiss, she would like it for its rarity, for its difficulty, for its—its beauty. And, above all, she would like it for its suggestions of—of devo——thoughtfulness.

Francis heard the well-judged breaks of voice and deviations of phrase, Francis saw the nicely-guided downcast lids and tremulous mouth; but, as he also heard the melodious utterance with its sweet softenings, and as he also saw the black thickness of the lowered fringes and the red ripeness of the mobile lips, he in nowise took account of that which was well-judged or nicely-guided.

Some words of some women would not deceive a cretin or a philosopher; if by those words most men are deceived, it must be that most men are unreasoningly susceptible to beautiful lines and colours, to sweet sounds and suggestions.

However, although Lillian certainly repeated herself, Francis just as certainly repeated Gerald; and although the first was purposeful and the second unwitting, the woman nearly laughed as she noted that the one man continued with almost the identical words of the other.

"And if," he said eagerly, "if I succeed in finding your desired flower—the flower that I'll be only too happy to gain for you—what shall I gain in exchange?"

"Oh, you men! How you repeat yourselves!"

"My dear Miss Hurst! What do you mean?"

"That you men always want something in exchange."

"Well, I don't want a kiss from you as——"

"What!" raising voice and brows.

"I don't want a kiss from you as something in exchange for my flower; I want a kiss from you as the seal of a treaty that you will—one day be my wife."

Lillian started; Lillian smiled; Lillian said that she would give him an answer when he brought her a certain bunch of edelweiss. Made confident by the woman's smile—a smile of apparent surrender—a smile of seeming agreement—the man, with but few further words, set forth upon his commissioned quest.

Alone, the coquette sat thinking. She recollected that Gerald was poor, and that Francis was rich. And she went on to remember concerning her own position. She was twenty-five, and, well, very far from hideous; she called no one mistress or master; she had no encumbrances, not even parents; she had no "past," not even a short one. And then she remembered that, although her income was not large, it was larger than Gerald's; but that, although he was very fond of her, she could not pretend that he loved her for her money: had he not postponed their marriage till his prospects should widen, till that weakly dodderer, his uncle, should depart for a better—another world? Still, as squeaking doors hang long, it was probable that someone would get tired of waiting for someone else; and even if he did not get tired, but went on to—to lose her, he would soon get over his fruitless devotion, his unmistakable devotion, his positive, absolute, undying devotion. Yes—she knew that Gerald loved her, and she knew that she did not hate him; but there—she would soon recover from her—her fancy. And then she would be able to enjoy the wealth of the other man, the wealth that was nearest.

And so, in that little bower of gentle solitude and blissful innocence—beside those unblighted trees, beneath those unworldly clouds, before those uncalculating mountains—Lillian Hurst decided that the wealth that was nearest was the wealth that was dearest, decided to dismiss Gerald—nicely, and to accept Francis—condescendingly. And as for the edelweiss, she forgot it.

After many hours of walking and climbing, of trudging and clambering, the two men chanced to meet. Each liked the other; each lived unaware that the other was his rival. Therefore, they joined company with little hesitation and less regret. They would have experienced nothing of either of these emotions, but for their separate general quest. Both had been unsuccessful; both knew the difficulty and the danger of their task; both cared not at all for the danger; both were fearful only of not meeting with a specimen of the desired flower, of having to return to a certain woman empty-handed. Neither thought of the possibility of chancing merely upon a single bunch; neither at that moment would have greatly troubled if he had so thought: because, then, neither knew that the other was in search of the rarity—especially not, that it was to pleasure the same princess. Accordingly, after a while—naturally all unconsiderate of the last-mentioned innocence, and still without thinking of the aforesaid possibility—each confided to the other that he was looking for a bunch of edelweiss. Both laughed. Neither breathed a name—*her* name.

Following more walking and climbing, more trudging and clambering, Gerald caught

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They advanced simultaneously and placed in her lap each the half of a bunch of edelweiss.

a glimpse of a tuft of the desired edelweiss. He did not shout; he did not laugh; he made no sign; he merely wondered if the flower had been seen by Francis. The men stood on a mountain path; at one side, stretching heavenward, rose a great cliff; at the other dropped a great chasm. In this narrow but unleapable gulf, about three feet down the face of the opposite wall, on a little projecting rock, grew that one tuft of edelweiss—shy, solitary, retiring, remote.

"Has he seen it?" wondered Gerald.

"Is it accessible?" speculated Francis.

Both stopped.

"Look at that fine cloud above us!" said Gerald.

"And at this great cliff behind us!" said Francis.

Both turned.

"What rugged and noble majesty!" cried Gerald.

"What solemn immensity!" outcried Francis.

Both ceased.

"He hasn't seen it," Gerald decided.

"I can get it," Francis determined.

Both waited.

"Well, we don't seem to have a great deal of luck."

"No; perhaps it's because we are together."

"I vote we try separating," proposed Gerald.

"I second that well-timed vote," agreed Francis.

"We'll go different ways, old man."

"We'll have to if we want to separate."

"I mean that I'll go this way—you that."

"Each down the road."

"What do you infer?"

Both stood facing the cliff; both, having their backs to the chasm, had their backs to the flower: each wondered if the other could see through his occipital bone. However, Francis went on to explain that, as the road (or rather, path), although it jutted from the cliff like a shelf (or rather, step), yet formed in itself a hill, and that, as they were both at the top, each, by turning his back on the other, and moving straight forward, could go *down* the road. They did so, first agreeing to meet on the same spot in an hour's time. As each, descending in a diametrically opposite direction, lost sight of the other, both started to run.

Gerald raced down *his* side of the sloping path till he came, as he judged he would, to a place where he could outflank the chasm. Scrambling, sweating, swearing, he toiled back again—only, this time, on the flowerward side of the gulf—till he almost reached his ardently wished-for blossoms. Francis

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had done a like thing: with the exception that, not having quite so far to go, he had done it a trifle quicker. When Gerald reached the identical spot, Francis was just getting up from having lain down and reached over and snatched off the prize.

"I saw it first!" shouted Gerald.

"I *got* it first," muttered Francis.

Panting and sobbing with their late exertions, they faced each other. The farce was returning to a comedy. They grinned; they glared; they growled. The comedy was merging into a drama.

"Give it to me!" Gerald demanded.

"It's mine!" Francis declared.

"Sneak!" howled Gerald.

"Thief!" roared Francis.

As Gerald made a desperate snatch at the emblem of noble purity, Francis unwittingly let it fall to the ground. Gerald stooped for it. Francis pushed him off. They clinched.

Separate, these two young men were merely two warm coals; linked, they blazed into a fiery mass. Rage smote them dumb, deaf, blind. In strength they were about equal; in agility Gerald was slightly the better; in determination Francis was slightly the better. It would have been well if one had been greatly the other's superior; as it was, the fight promised to last longer.

Moment succeeded moment and the struggle continued. Each had determined that, happen what might, he should be the one who would lay the little bunch of edelweiss at the feet of Lillian Hurst. Backwards and forwards swayed the men on the narrow ledge. Neither would release his hold of the other. Every moment they became more mad, more irresponsible for their actions. They had forgotten all else but Lillian and the edelweiss, and each was determined to go to any length rather than relinquish the innocent little flower which was to secure for him a partner in life.

All unknowing, the strugglers writhed towards the edge of the chasm. They drew near; they drew nearer; they drew nearest. And still locked in a fierce embrace of fury, madness, murder, these two victims of a woman's caprice—and of their own youthful folly—wildly swayed with half their bodies leaning over the deadly gulf.

In the meantime, Gerald's mother, miles away in the garden of that quiet hotel, sat reading. She had just received three letters, which had followed her about the continent. The first informed her that her brother was ill; the second, that he was dead; the third, that he had left the bulk of his fortune to his favourite nephew, Gerald. Sorrowing at her brother's new death, rejoicing at her son's new life, she ran forth to tell the mingled tidings to her friends. The first she met was Lillian, to whom she sobbed and smiled her tale. The women embraced—curiously enough. Then the elder wished to know where was her boy, and the younger said that he had gone to pick somebody a nice bunch of edelweiss. The elder hoped that nothing would happen to him; the younger echoed this hope quite fervently. And she arranged—with herself—to tell Francis "No!" and to ask Gerald "When?"

God alone knows what thoughts boiled and bubbled in the brains of those two furious men while fighting on the chasm's edge; they themselves could not have told: all that each was aware of was a fierce desire to get his opponent beneath him. At last the determination of Francis wore down the agility of Gerald; and Gerald succumbed. As he felt himself beaten, the anguished man, for the first time during the fight, found his voice:

"Lillian!" he moaned. "Lillian!"

Instantly the grip of Francis relaxed.

"Was — that — flower — for — her?" he panted.

"Y-e-e-s," sobbed Gerald; "for whom else?"

Soon, they were friends again; at any rate they were calling each other nothing stronger than "fool." The potential tragedy revolved backwards through drama and comedy nearly to positive farce. The ex-fighters had compared notes.

Some hours afterwards, when they had descended the depths of remorse and mounted the heights of rejoicement, when they had brushed each other down and otherwise removed the stains of their struggle, when they had crawled back arm-in-arm to the hotel, and when they had found the smiling Lillian seated in the bower of gentle solitude and blissful innocence—they advanced simultaneously, and placed in her lap each the half of a bunch of edelweiss.

"It is somewhat bruised and faded," began Gerald.

"But is the more emblematical," continued Francis.

Lillian stared.

"Yes," said Gerald gravely, "and we have each brought you the half of a single bunch in order that we may convey to you a suggestion of our devo—— thoughtfulness; and a sense of our admiration of your ability to play a double game. And that's all."

"And that's all," echoed Francis.

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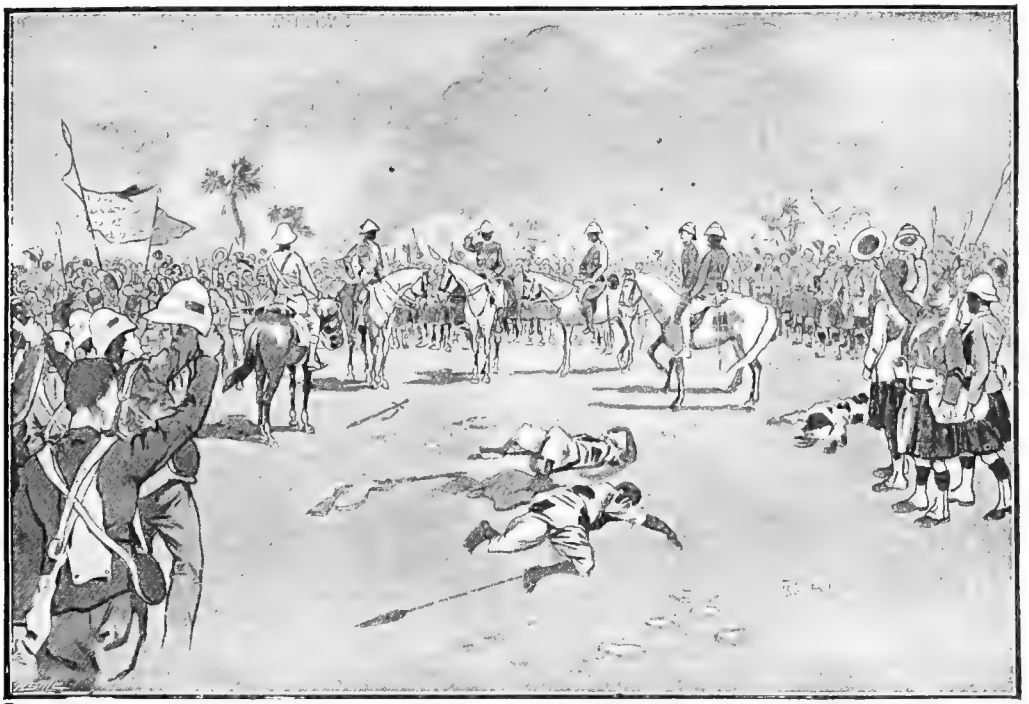

From a Sketch by René Bull.

British troops cheering the Sirdar after the Battle of Atbara.

THE RISE OF KITCHENER.

By Reginald Maingay.

This article is unique in that it is the only matter published which gives a consecutive account of Lord Kitchener's life from his boyhood onward. Some time has been occupied in collecting the material from sources all over the kingdom; and the remarkable photographs illustrating the article, several of which were taken by Lord Kitchener himself, will no doubt be regarded with the deepest interest by our readers.

"He was a smart, intelligent, growing-up lad," says Henry Quinlan, the blacksmith of Crotta, Co. Kerry where Lord Kitchener lived when a boy; "and we all expected great things of him; though, indeed, we never thought he'd climb as high as he has." Smartness and intelligence are two qualities we very well believe the young Kitchener to have possessed—the man who by dint of smartness and intelligence, "crushed the Moslem in his pride" and brought peace and order into one of the most turbulent countries in the world. And as to "growing-up," why, Mr. Quinlan has coined, on his own, a new and marvellously vivid phrase, and one which must not be omitted by any future biographer when describing the great soldier's boyhood. To-day Lord Kitchener stands over six feet in his socks, and is, moreover, slightly though strongly built. At the age of fourteen, therefore, his appearance must have been decidedly "growing-up"—lanky, long-limbed, gawky; and when, still trusting to Mr. Quinlan's memory, we add that, save for the heavy moustache, Kitchener's face is still very much the same as it was thirty-seven years ago—behold! a perfect portrait of the victor of Atbara and Omdurman when he watched the village blacksmith shoeing his father's horse.

Some time in the early forties Colonel Kitchener, Lord Kitchener's father, took up his abode at Gunsborough House, a small country place some few miles north of Listowel, and it was there that Horatio Herbert, his second son, was born. Of his childish characteristics I have no knowledge. Probably, if his nurse could be unearthed, we

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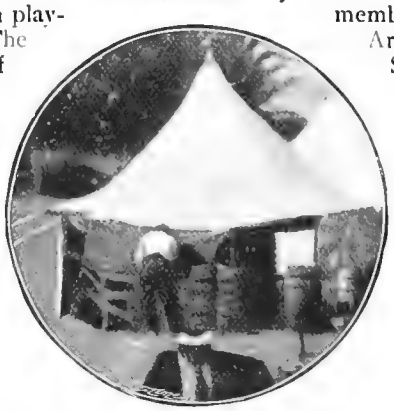
From a Photograph specially taken for us by Daly & Son, of Tralee.
Gunsborough House, County Kerry, where Lord Kitchener was born.

should hear that he was "that masterful," and took a special delight in playing with leaden soldiers. The accompanying photograph of Gunsborough House, shows it rather the worse for wear to-day; it is at present untenanted, and to all appearance very likely to remain so.

Somewhere about the commencement of the Crimean War, Colonel Kitchener with his family—there were five children, four sons and one daughter—left Gunsborough House and took up his abode at Crotta House, Kerry, some seven miles from the sea, a fine old place with extensive grounds.



This unique photograph, taken during Lord Kitchener's stay in Palestine, shows the future Sirdar outside his tent, in working costume.

What with war and house-changing those must have been exciting days in the Kitchener family, and our first precise information as to the future Sirdar dates from that time. Mr. Quinlan, the village blacksmith already mentioned, has much to say beside the fact that the young "Lord Herbert," as he persists in calling his hero for some reason or other, was smart, intelligent, and "growing-up." I have a wonderful letter of his beside me as I write, and would very much like to publish it just as it is, "without all ornament, itself and true," but refrain for fear of bringing on myself the old fellow's wrath. He tells me all about the children, "and fine, healthy children they were"; how he remembers seeing the four brothers, Arthur, Walter, Herbert, and Shavala (if Mr. Quinlan's pen has not played him false, the last-mentioned brother rejoiced in a very Hibernian name) tramping about the country or hanging around his smithy and yarning by the hour. "But," he hastens to add, in evident fear lest I should imagine that these four youths wasted the shining hours, "they were well educated," their education being entrusted to Mr. Allen Freeman, a gentleman who lived for some years in Crotta House.

From a Private Photograph.

The camp of Lord Kitchener's party in Palestine. The tent on the extreme left is that which was occupied by his lordship (then Colonel H. H. Kitchener).

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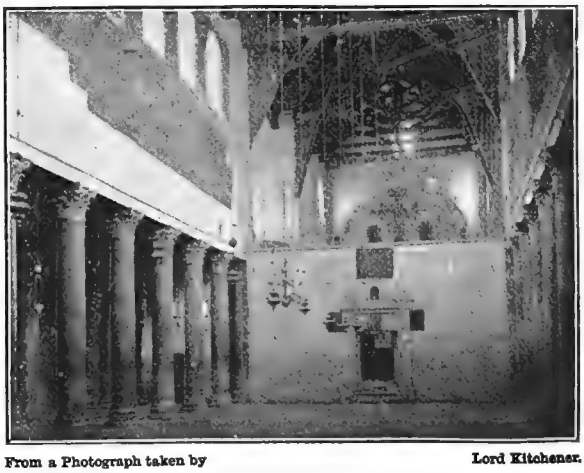
Mr. Jeremiah O'Keeffe, a wool merchant, at present residing at Tralee, has also a vivid recollection of the Kitchener boys. What he remembers best of all is the sight of Herbert and his brothers being driven rapidly in a one-horse trap from Crotta House to the coast—a distance of about seven miles. "I was then," says Mr. O'Keeffe, "a burly lad going to school, with my books under one arm and two sods of turf under the other—the latter being part payment in kind to the schoolmaster, and went to make up the schoolroom fire—and very often the Kitchener trap and I ran on parallel lines over half a mile of smooth road."

Photo by Bassano.
Lord Kitchener. From a photo taken many years ago, at the time he commanded the cavalry in Egypt.

Mr. O'Keeffe often saw the young Kitcheners bathing. "And I thought them," he says, "pretty expert swimmers, but they appeared to lack courage when the waves were high. The rough children of the coast often laughed at their cowardice. Cowardice! that cowardice has no place in the Kitchener vocabulary recent events have proved."

Colonel Kitchener, like many another retired military man, turned his attention to the peaceful industry of agriculture. There are many inhabitants of Kilflynn and its neighbourhood who remember him as a kind of oracle, and greatly looked up to by all the farmers who came to ask his advice from near and far. He was, however, by no means a rich man—quite otherwise, in fact; the atmosphere of Crotta House was that of decent poverty, so that whatever positions the Colonel's children have attained, these were entirely due to their own unaided efforts.

Neither as boy or youth was Lord Kitchener considered especially clever as cleverness is commonly understood. But he had, and all who knew him were agreed upon this point, those qualities which are far more helpful in the hurly-burly of modern life than elegant literary discrimination or scholarly acquaintance with the Greek tragedians, I mean smartness and intelligence (to use Mr. Quillan's expression), or, in other words, energy, practical resourcefulness, independence, ambition. I said that Kitchener was not considered clever in the ordinary sense of the word, and forgot to mention his almost phenomenal gift for mathematics. As a boy the rule of three puzzled him not, and a friend of mine, who knew him when a student at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, told me that the ease with which he grappled with abstruse



From a Photograph taken by Lord Kitchener.
The interior of the church at Bethlehem, built over the Grotto of the Nativity by St. Helena, mother of Constantine.

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Kitchener saving Major Conder's life at Safed in 1875. On this occasion the gallant officer showed the most intrepid bravery and indifference to personal risk.

mathematical problems was only equalled by an accurate rapidity in totting up figures which a banker's clerk would have envied.

1870 saw the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and young Kitchener, not yet twenty-one, hurried from England to offer his services to *La Belle France*. He took part in various engagements at the commencement of the campaign, and participated in a balloon ascent with two French officers. But a severe attack of pneumonia laid him low, and it was only by a miracle that the illness did not result in death.

Before the end of 1870 he was back again in England, and in 1871 he entered the army as lieutenant of the Royal Engineers.

Now, at last, Kitchener's career had begun in earnest, and it is highly characteristic of the man that, impatient of the ordinary routine of the army and its hopeless prospects of speedy advancement, he should look eagerly about him for some employment or enterprise in which he might gain experience and work off some of his super-abundant energy. The wished-for opportunity soon arrived. Early in 1874 an expedition was sent by the Palestine Exploration Fund to carry out a survey of Western Palestine. Kitchener offered his services, was accepted by the directors of the expedition, and in due time arrived in the Holy Land.

It is surprising, considering the dramatic incidents that took place during this period of Kitchener's career, that recent writers should have ignored or made but scanty allusions to all that happened to him in Palestine in

An Austrian picture of Lord Kitchener.
(From a recent cartoon in "Der Floh," Vienna.)

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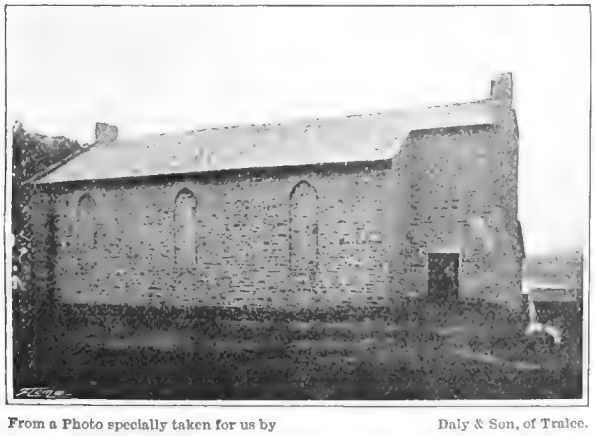
the years 1874 and 1875. I have been fortunate enough to meet a gentleman who took part in the expedition, and was intimately acquainted with Kitchener and Major Conder, the chief of the surveying party. It is from him that I received much valuable information concerning the future Sirdar and victor of Atbara when he was still a "youth to fame unknown." On one occasion I remember remarking that the lot of officers serving under Kitchener was not altogether enviable. "So I've heard," he returned, "and you know it rather surprised me. He must have changed a good deal since I knew him. Of course, in those days he was not in a position of authority, and that may account for the difference. All I can say is that he was as good company as a man could wish to have, full of life and high spirits." He then showed me a photograph of what appeared to be a group of gipsies lounging about in a tent. "That's Kitchener," he said, pointing to a lithe figure with a smiling very bronzed face, reclining in a corner of the tent. I thought of the Sirdar as I had seen him in all the splendour of his general's uniform, and remarked that he did not seem to have given much thought to his toilet. "No," laughed his friend, "we none of us did, and he least of all. Why, after a few months travelling about Palestine he looked more like a tramp than an officer of the British Army. His clothes wouldn't have fetched a threepenny-bit at any 'old clo'' shop in Whitechapel." This only shows how easily Kitchener adapts himself to circumstances. If there is one man in the army to-day whose personal appearance is invariably immaculate for neatness it is Kitchener's. In Palestine time given to the toilet would have been time wasted, and Kitchener has never wasted a moment in his life.

From a Photograph specially taken for us by Daly & Son, of Tralee.

Crotta House, Co. Kerry, where Lord Kitchener lived as a boy until he left Ireland.

Photo by Bassano.

Lord Kitchener, from the first photo taken after his appointment as Sirdar.



From a Photo specially taken for us by Daly & Son, of Tralee.

Kilflynn Church, Co. Kerry, where Lord Kitchener worshipped as a lad.

It was a lucky day for Major Conder when Kitchener and he became companions, and not merely because a cleverer and more industrious assistant would have been impossible to find. Twice during the months they worked together Kitchener managed to save his chief's life. The first instance occurred in the neighbourhood of Ascalon. After a

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Well done, Sirdar!

Reproduced from "Moonshine" of Dec. 17th, 1898, by kind permission of the Proprietors.

day of unusually strenuous work in the dry and almost unbearable heat of summer Palestine the two men decided to take a dip in the sea. Conder, imprudently, for the coast was known to be dangerous, swam far out and was carried by a strong current into broken water, where without assistance he must inevitably have perished. But Kitchener, who was disporting himself nearer the shore, saw his friend's plight and immediately swam to his rescue. He was a powerful swimmer, having mastered the art when a boy in Ireland; but it was only after a long struggle and by dint of almost superhuman efforts that he managed to bring himself and Major Conder back in safety.

The next incident occurred a few months later, and it is perhaps the most dramatic in Kitchener's career. The survey had been almost accomplished, and the party had arrived at Safed, a little town in Galilee. Those were days when a Christian was very rarely seen in that part of the country, and the town of Safed itself was a hotbed of Moslem fanaticism. The camp had hardly been laid out when an Emir stalked to Major Conder's tent and began insolently to examine and throw about everything he could lay his hands upon. One of the servants protested, whereupon the intruder vehemently assaulted him, and on Major Conder coming to the rescue, seized the latter by the throat and shook him with the utmost fury. Conder managed to knock the man down and break a few of his teeth, but by that time a horde of about two hundred yelling Moslems had arrived on the scene and the situation had become extremely perilous. The assailants had a few old guns in their possession and fired into the camp, luckily killing no one. Then followed a regular fusillade of stones, one of these striking Kitchener and bruising him badly on the thigh. Both he and Conder did their utmost to pacify the fanatics—in vain: the dreadful cry of "Allah! Allah!" had gone forth, and some sheiks, newly arrived, were doing their best to incite the crowd. It was then that a man, armed with a heavy club, made for Conder, knocked him over and struck him on the head. "I must inevitably have been murdered," writes the Major, "but for the cool and prompt assistance of Lieutenant Kitchener, who

Photo by Lekegian & Co., Cairo.

The last portrait taken of Lord Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army.

From a Snapshot.

Lord Kitchener directing the Battle of Omdurman.

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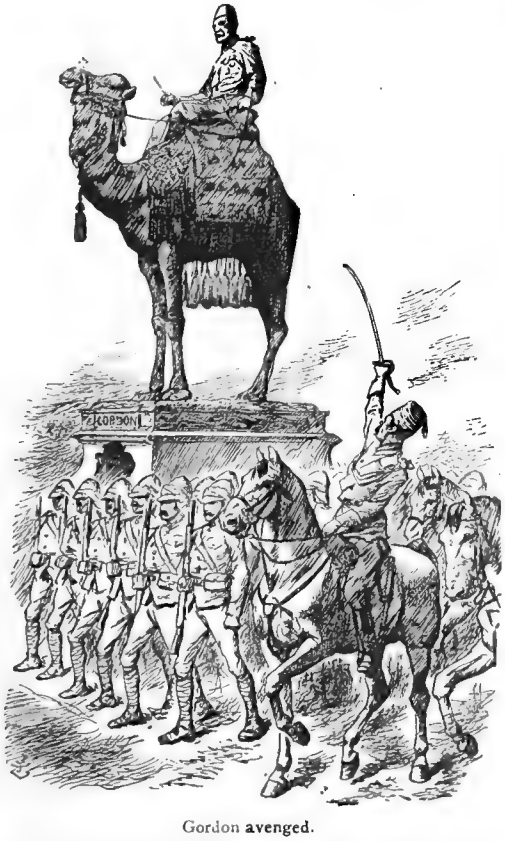
managed to get to me and engaged one of the club men, thus covering my retreat. A blow descending on the top of his head he parried with his cane (he had no other weapon), which was broken with the force of the blow. A second assailant wounded his arm. His escape was unaccountable."

Conder managed to send word to the Governor of the town, but before relief arrived, the exploring party—all more or less hurt — were forced to beat a precipitate retreat, and leave the camp in the hands of the yelling mob. When they had gained a position of comparative safety, Kitchener was found to be missing, and the party gave him up as dead. Later on, however, he turned up, covered with blood, having had a narrow escape from a negro who had attempted to cleave his skull with a huge scimitar. Assistance arrived just in time to save the camp from being looted.

After this unpleasant experience, Conder found it necessary to start at once for the coast, deeming it unsafe to finish the survey

From a Photo taken by Lord Kitchener.

The valley of Michmash, above which Jonathan and his armour-bearer put to flight the Philistine Army.



Gordon avenged.

The famous "Punch" cartoon after the taking of Khartoum. Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors.

before the ringleaders of the attack had been punished. But the tribulations of the party were by no means at an end. Arriving at the monastery of Mount Carmel, nearly all were struck down by malarial fever, Kitchener taking it more severely than the others. The gentleman I have already mentioned as one of the party took it but slightly, and was already on the high road to recovery, when one burning afternoon Kitchener wailed to him from his pallet: "Oh, for the Lord's sake, give me some of that beer!" "Don't you listen to him," said Major Conder, for beer was considered about the worse thing for a man struck down with malarial fever." "Oh, you shut up!" cried the sufferer, and continued his pleadings. "For a long time I was obdurate," continued my informant, "but at last I weakly gave way and handed him half a glassful. He drank it eagerly, and was at once violently sick. I tell you I was in a fright. But instead of dying Kitchener fell into a deep sleep, and when he woke the fever had left him."

When partially recovered the party was broken up, and Conder and Kitchener started for Jaffa. A few miles from the town Kitchener, still in a very weak state, could no longer sit his horse, and fell on to the sand. Leaving him there, Conder rode into the

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town to look for assistance, but on his return found him gone. Kitchener had not been long in the sand before he had picked himself up again, and made his way on foot to Jaffa, where his companion eventually discovered him asleep in bed at the hotel.

The next two years Kitchener spent in London, busily engaged in laying down the Palestine Exploration Fund's map. Meanwhile the ringleaders of the attack at Safed, and especially the Emir, who had nearly succeeded in murdering Major Conder, were seized and imprisoned, and when Kitchener returned to Palestine in 1877 to finish the interrupted survey he met with quite an ovation at Safed, and shortly afterwards received the repentant Emir, who came into his tent to express contrition for his misdeeds.

Photo by Lekegian & Co., Cairo.

This is the only photograph of Lord Kitchener which shows the scar on the neck left by the bullet-wound he sustained near Suakim.

Despite the somewhat rough treatment he had undergone, Kitchener never repented his sojourn in the Holy Land. Indeed, the years had been invaluable to him, having provided him with splendid opportunities for studying the Moslem and his ways. For herein lies one of the secrets of Kitchener's success—that wherever he went, and in no matter what capacity, his chief concern was to gain a complete knowledge of the people, their manners and vernacular. In the turbulent years that were to follow his special knowledge was to stand him in good stead. It is even said that on more than one occasion he was able to glean important information by disguising himself and mixing with the natives.

The five years following his final farewell of Palestine Kitchener spent alternately in Cyprus and Asia Minor. Shortly after Cyprus had become an English protectorate he was sent there to organise the Courts, a difficult job which he executed with tact and skill extraordinary in a man of his age. The fact is that Kitchener, unlike his only living superior in military matters, Lord Roberts, was by no means born to be a soldier and nothing else. Had he chosen to become a diplomatist, a stock-broker, or a wine-merchant, his success would have been inevitable. He was born with an aptitude for success, and no doubt, had the church taken his fancy, he would ere now have become a bishop.

Kitchener abandoned Cyprus for a military vice consulship at Erzeroum, and returned to Cyprus a couple of years later to carry out a survey of this island. It was in 1882 that he took the first step on the path which was to lead him eventually to Khartum. Trouble was already brewing in the Soudan, and hearing that the Egyptian army was being organised by Sir Evelyn Wood, he recognised his opportunity with unerring instinct, lost no time in offering his services, and was appointed second in command of a regiment of cavalry.

If hard work and perpetual change and excitement makes the

Sirdar: "Now then, little dog, out of the way—or I shall be over you."

"Moonshine's" amusing cartoon of the Fashoda affair, Sept. 24th, 1898. Reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors.

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time fly, the next ten years, that is to say, until he was made Sirdar, must have passed very quickly for Kitchener. The military authorities, recognising at once his marvellous insight into the native character, put him in the Intelligence Department, and it was as an Intelligence Officer that he went through the Wolseley campaign. Negotiations of the utmost importance and various delicate missions were entrusted to him from the very commencement of his Egyptian career, and carried out with invariable discretion and tact.

It was also as Intelligence Officer that Kitchener accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's desert column on that foolish, heroic, disastrous enterprise known as the "Gordon Relief Expedition." With the possible exception of the first Boer war, this campaign is perhaps the most humiliating in British annals. Kitchener's subsequent march on Khartum shows how deeply he took to heart the lesson this fiasco, with its failure of transport and intelligence departments, taught him. It is worthy of remark that recognising at the commencement of the expedition its utter impracticability, he drew up on his own a scheme for the relief of Khartum and the rescue of Gordon, which was, of course, promptly overruled by the War Office. However, one cannot blame the authorities of having kept Kitchener in the background. Perhaps they were wise enough to recognise at once the futility of such a proceeding. In 1883 he was promoted captain; in 1884 major, and his name was mentioned more than once in the dispatches.

From a Photo taken by Lord Kitchener.

A unique view of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Photo by J. P. Clarke, Cambridge.

Lord Kitchener in his robes as LL.D.

Following on the Gordon fiasco, Kitchener was fully employed in those innumerable little fights and raids and expeditions which continued during the formation of the Egyptian army. At last, in 1886, he emerged from comparative obscurity, succeeding General Watson as Governor of the Red Sea Territories. Immediately things began to hum. The police system was drastically reorganised; peremptory proclamations were issued; raids set in motion, and finally the notorious Osman Digna received at Tamai a ruining defeat.

The following year Kitchener was made commander of Suakim, and, though, as usual, he did, both as regards quantity and quality, the work of ten men, his commandantship closed with an incident very nearly approaching disaster. Early in the year 1888 he organised an attack on Osman Digna's camp, having heard that the Emir's men were away on a raiding expedition. Before daybreak he dispatched his force, some 400 strong, remaining himself with a mounted corps to await results in the rear. All prospered well at first. The camp was captured after a short defence, and the Egyptian force followed hotly in the rear of the retreating

From a Photo taken by Lord Kitchener.

The mosque built on the site of King Solomon's palace.

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foe. But the raiders, returning earlier than was anticipated, suddenly appeared on the scene, and falling on the flank of our men, routed them and put them to flight. Kitchener had to retire hastily, but before he could get into safety was severely wounded, a hostile bullet breaking his jaw and remaining embedded in his neck. This wound caused him much annoyance, his surgeon after sundry painful operations failing to discover and extract the bullet. Lord Kitchener has many times since joked about this, saying that he must either have swallowed the bullet or spat it from his mouth without knowing it.

After this reverse Kitchener returned to England where he was received with honour and nominated aide-de-camp of the Queen. But no sooner was his health recruited than he was back again in Egypt, and before the end of 1888 he had avenged himself on Osman at the battle of Gemaizeh, when with splendid dash he led a Soudanese brigade over the enemy's trenches. At the battle of Toski the following year he commanded the mounted troops, was mentioned in the dispatches for bravery and received a C.B.

Two years later, on the resignation of Sir Francis Grenfell, he was appointed Sirdar, and his magnificent career from that date onward is too fresh in everybody's memory to require detailed recapitulation. Suffice it to say that the campaign which ended with the recapture of Khartum is perhaps the most perfectly organised and faultlessly conducted of this century. Everything went like clockwork, despite all the Khedive and our own War Office could do to hinder the great work. With the latter glorious body Kitchener dealt as few generals before him have ever dared, and a little incident characteristic of his methods will bear repeating. He had sent home for a special kind of breaching gun. The War Office suggested another kind. The Sirdar repeated his orders. Next he was informed that the War Office guns had been forwarded, whereupon he dispatched a politely insolent message home, saying that he was very grateful, but the War Office could keep its guns, as he could throw stones at the Dervishes himself. And the guns he asked for were forwarded without delay.

Photo by Lekegian & Co., Cairo.

The latest photo. of Lord Kitchener, taken just before he sailed for South Africa.

There is, unfortunately, no denying that Kitchener's methods during this long campaign were ruthless to a degree that we seldom find in Englishmen. He was no doubt justified in all he did, even as he was justified later on in refusing Cronje time to bury his dead; but all the same we English prefer methods which smack less of the Turkish or Russian soldier. Not to mention such deeds as the killing of wounded Dervishes, the destruction of the Mahdi's tomb and the desecration of the Mahdi's body, an incident like the following, described by Mr. Winston Churchill, is not pleasant reading. It occurred after the victory of Atbara. "A platform was erected and adorned with flags. On this, surrounded by his staff, the General took his stand. The Emir Mahmoud, his hands bound behind his back, was then compelled to march past at the head of the army, preceded by an enormous flag on which was inscribed in Arabic characters: '*This is Mahmoud, who said he would capture Berber.*'" This trampling on a fallen foe, though done merely so as to impress the native mind, is

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emphatically distasteful to Englishmen who glory, and with right, in the world-wide reputation they have earned for themselves for treating vanquished foemen with chivalrous courtesy and gentleness.

The moment Kitchener arrived in South Africa as Lord Roberts' chief assistant things commenced to look up. To borrow a correspondent's expression he "immediately began to make himself unpleasant." "I suppose, Lord Kitchener, you mean to reorganise everything," said a gentleman in Cape Town. "Re-organise, sir?" replied the head of the staff,—"no, organise." And he set about it with a will, forcing all or sundry to put their shoulders to the wheel. He is a heavy task-master and his rule is the rule of fear.

When it was announced that Kitchener was to serve as Lord Roberts' lieutenant, many people shook their heads. Kitchener to serve in a subordinate position? No, it would never do. There would certainly be "ructions" before a few months had passed. So said the wiseacres. But the months slipped by, and so far from "ructions," order and plan was rapidly being shaped out of chaos; in other words Roberts and Kitchener were working together like one man. The fact of the matter is that the War Office for once in a way did the right thing at the right moment. Had any other officer except Lord Roberts been appointed Kitchener's Chief, the policy would have been madness. As it was the authorities were well aware that the one officer Kitchener venerated and would be proud to serve under was Lord Roberts. For Kitchener is not quite the man devoid of feeling, the mere war machine, the late Mr. Steevens would have us believe him. "I would gladly blacken Roberts' boots for him," was his reply to a sympathetic friend who came to condole with him on his appointment.

A French portrait of the Sirdar running away from Marchand at Fashoda! It will be noticed that the Gallic prophecy was a little faulty.

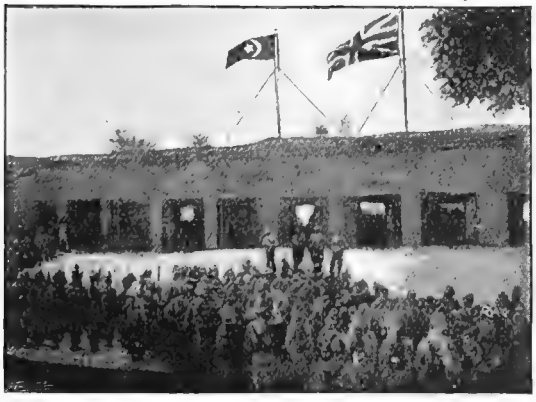
(From "La Silhouette," Paris, Oct. 2nd, 1898.)

Photo by Bassano.

This is the photograph of himself which Lord Kitchener prefers above all others that the public should possess.

Kitchener is not beloved either by his colleagues, his subordinates, or the home authorities. He is respected, he is trusted, he is admired, but he is not beloved. Nor does he seek affection; obedience and industry are all he requires; the man who meets with these requirements is certain to get on, the man who fails to do so he casts aside. He is a strong man and quite devoid of sentiment, a hard man if you will—a man of ice and iron; but above all, a *man*.

The various photographs of the Holy Land accompanying this article were taken by Kitchener on his travels, and are now published by the courtesy of the Palestine Exploration Fund.



From a Snapshot.

The solemn memorial service at Khartum in memory of Gordon. Lord Kitchener is one of the four helmeted figures standing in front of the ranks before the Chaplains.

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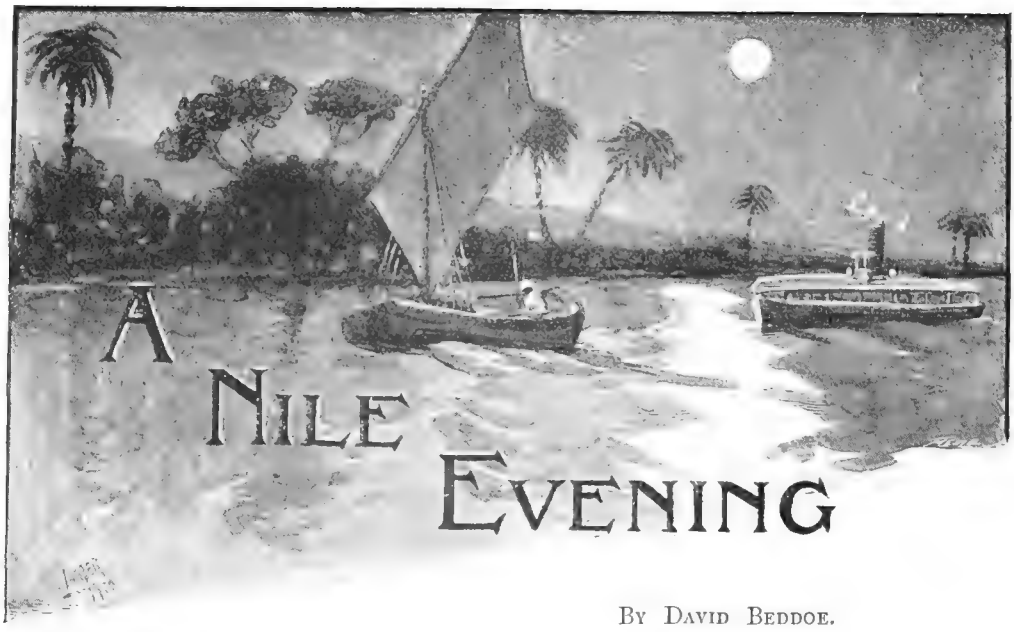

A Nile Evening

By David Beddoe.

Leaning over the stern rail of the *Osiris*, a small paddle-wheeled boat, half-steamer, half-dahabeah, as she chunked, chunked down the Nile on her way from Bedrechein to Cairo, were a man and a girl, and they, with many more, whose voices now came faintly from the open deck amidships, had been to spend the day at the Apis tombs of Sakkarah.

The man was one Thomas Halliwell, whom ill fate had sent from his law books to Egypt to recoup his damaged health, and spend his small savings in the process.

The girl was an American, companion to one, Mrs. Pillsbury, whose high-toned voice came aft with dogmatic clearness.

And the man was in love with the girl, the companion of Mrs. Pillsbury, of Chicago. That is why he danced about Cairo, and took night excursions on the river when he ought to have been at Helouan in the warmed dining-room.

He knew it, but he could not help it. His wits had taken leave of him ever since, some ten days before, when he had met this Miss Millis at the Continental dance.

It was Mrs. Pillsbury who had introduced him, and since then it was only Miss Millis whom Thomas Halliwell thought about. He forgot even for a while that for which Harley Street had sent him away. But there was not joy altogether in it, for the man, in spite of brilliant prospects at the bar, was poor, and when he thought over things at night, as in the quietude of his own room he sat taking off his boots, he had a bad time; and he swore at the hardness of fate as he threw his boots out on to the mat without a thought for the nervous old ladies who slept on the same corridor.

It was a beautiful night, a night such as you get only on that oldest of rivers, full of the subtle charm and glamor which comes of sand, water and the semi-tropical moonlight. On either side stretched the desert, silent and illimitable, dotted here and there by little mounds of sand and a few palm trees. Right away aft reached the shimmering waters of the Nile, flowing gently and solemnly to the distant sea.

From the bank came the subdued creaking of the shadoofs where the men still pulled at the rope, the distant barking of a dog, or the faint noise of the sakkeyah which the oxen turned. And the man in the shadow of the wooden awning forgot the bad time that might come later on, and made love to the girl simply because love was in the air and he could not help it. Then almost insensibly there came to his lips Fitzgerald's famous lines, and he murmured low:

> "A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—
> Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!"

"Oh, so you know Omar?" exclaimed the girl in surprise.

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"Yes, why not?" inquired the man.

"Oh, I did not know you were given to such things. I always thought you were so eminently practical."

"I love that old Persian," said the other. "He is a man and a brother."

"Especially when he says:

'Oh, take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of the distant drum,'"

replied the girl laughingly.

"Quite so. That is my condition exactly. I always feel like that when I am with you, you know," he hazarded,

"So, and do you feel like that just now?" asked the girl, half smiling.

"Yes," replied the man, bluntly. "On nights like this I forget everything, except that it is good to be here, living and enjoying; and I shut my ears to that confounded drum."

"Why, what is it saying to you, Mr. Halliwell?"

"Work and damaged health," said the man half lightly.

"But you are better, surely, since you came out here?" she remarked, sympathetically.

"Much," replied the other. "Lucky for me, too."

"Why? Must you get back soon, then?" asked the girl with ready intuition.

"Yes, I really ought to stay until the end of the season, I suppose; but I cannot manage it."

"But, surely, if that is so, you ought to stay."

"I know that, but I must get back to work," replied the man, half bitterly.

"Are you so fond of work, then, that you are going to risk your health?"

"It isn't that," replied the man, quietly; "it's money."

"Money, money; it's always money with you men," exclaimed the girl, almost impatiently.

"Um!" remarked the man. "There are some things I want more than money."

"So!" replied the girl; "and what are they?"

"Health for one thing."

"Oh!" And there was something in the manner of her saying it which seemed as if she had expected another answer. "That is the best of everything, of course."

"Not quite," remarked her companion.

"No? Why, what is better?"

The man bit his lip. He was going to make an ass of himself; he knew he was. Confound the girl! What business had she to look so pretty? Far better go back and join the others while there was yet time.

"Shall we go?" asked his companion, remarking the silence. "You find it chilly, perhaps?"

"Chilly, oh, not a bit of it. Look!" he exclaimed, "what a beautiful effect the moonlight has on the ripples."

And they leaned over the rail together to watch where the rays struck the small wavelets running in long undulating lines of silver after the boat.

"Ah," said the girl, "what strange thoughts a night like this puts into one's head. Some-

"I'm in love," said the man, trying to get a glimpse of his companion's face.

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how one seems to think differently than at other times."

"Eh," exclaimed the man, arousing himself. "You are right. It does. Makes one forget the cares of making a living; puts thoughts into one's head which ought not to be there; and tempts one to say things," he added slowly, "that one might regret in the morning light."

"Does it affect you in that way?" asked the girl, laughingly. "You've said nothing so far," she added, daringly.

"But I shall presently," murmured the man grimly, though he answered aloud: "Not that one regrets them for themselves, you know, Miss Millis, but one has to keep a close watch over oneself."

"Oh, how strange you are to-night; anything on your mind?" asked the girl simply.

The man looked at her. "Yes," he replied, grimly. "I'll tell you if you care to listen. Perhaps you can give me some advice."

The girl leaned further over the taff-rail, and seemed to be intent on watching the silvered wavelets. "Yes."

"I am in love," said the man, trying to get a glimpse of his companion's face.

"So! Marry the girl then," came the prompt reply.

The man's eyes brightened. "Well, I can't, you see," he answered slowly. "That is the difficulty."

"Won't she have you, then?"

"I haven't asked her."

"Oh—then how do you know?"

"Well enough," said he. "The old story—money—feloos, as these johnnies here call it," he added, jerkily.

"That is what you wanted money for, then, is it?" asked the girl, half smiling.

"Yes, confound it."

"Would you marry the girl if you had? You see, I want to know before I can give proper advice," she added.

"Marry her!" exclaimed the man. "Ah!"

"Has she no money either, then?"

"The nicest girls never have."

"O——h!"

"No. 'Tis only the ugly ones who have, like that Miss Curtis, of Chicago, who is coming out shortly, so the papers say—a millionairess twice over."

The girl looked round. "Is she ugly, then?"

"Sure to be," said the man.

"Have you ever seen her?"

"Um—not that I know of," replied the man, lamely. "But I'd bet my bottom dollar, as you Americans say, that she is."

"Oh! I'd like to know what Miss Curtis would say if she heard you."

"But you see she won't."

"O——h!" said the girl, looking again at the river stretching out one sheet of silver and black into the distance. "And the girl you care for, is she pretty?"

"Yes, too pretty for my peace of mind."

"English?"

"U—m," said the man—"no, American."

"Oh, really; countrywoman, then, to the hideous Miss Curtis, of Chicago?"

"Yes, but ten times better."

"No money, perhaps, then, Mr. Halliwell?"

He did not reply. He was looking at his companion, and as he looked the threads of his self-restraint, which had been stretching, stretching, reached the breaking point.

"I say, Miss Millis—" he exclaimed, leaning towards the other, "cannot you guess whom I mean? Don't you know who the girl is whom I'd give my soul to have?"

"I?" she asked, in well-feigned surprise. "I, Mr. Halliwell?"

"Yes, you," exclaimed the man, flinging prudence to the winds. "It's you I want."

The girl did not reply. She looked away over the river, where the moonlight danced on the ripples, and on her face was something smiling and glad.

"Confound it," said the man, savagely. "I'm sorry that I ever met you."

"Why, pray?" said the girl, drawing herself up.

"Why?" burst out the man; "because I am poor as a church mouse—poorer, by George," he added, bitterly. "But, I say, Miss Millis, please forget what I have said. I beg your pardon."

"No, I won't forget," replied the girl, slowly. "And besides, why should I? You have done me a great honour."

"Don't speak of that. It came out. I could not help it."

"Do you regret it, then?" asked the girl, facing him.

"Regret it—no!"

"Then why not wait for my answer?"

"But what is the good?" said the man, bluntly. "There are hard facts to be faced. I could not afford to marry even if—the girl would have me," he added, striving to speak impersonally. "Besides, she would not wait."

"How do you know?" she murmured, quietly.

"What! If I get all right, and do some good at the bar, will you marry me — will

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you wait?" And a great eagerness came into his pale, keen face.

The girl did not reply. She only looked at him for an instant. Then a little fleecy cloud came over the moon for awhile, and when it passed by, the man and the girl were laughing. Then the man sobered down. "Ah, I am afraid that you will have to put up with a lot for some time," said he.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a faint smile, "life will be full of shifts."

"Tut, never mind," exclaimed the man, gaily. "'Twill only be for a few years. I'll soon get all right. Then I'll work as I've never worked before."

"I wish I could help you," said the girl with a sigh; "but you know what I am."

"Yes, I know," said he, gently—"companion to old Mrs. Pillsbury. But you'll help me more than you think. You don't know how I'll work when I have you to think of."

"Pity one hasn't the money of that ugly Miss Curtis," said the girl regretfully.

"Oh, never mind her. I'd rather have you without a dollar than Miss Curtis with her millions."

"Poor Miss Curtis!"

The girl laughed softly and remained silent for a moment or two. Then she added with sudden earnestness: "But you won't leave until the end of the season now, will you?"

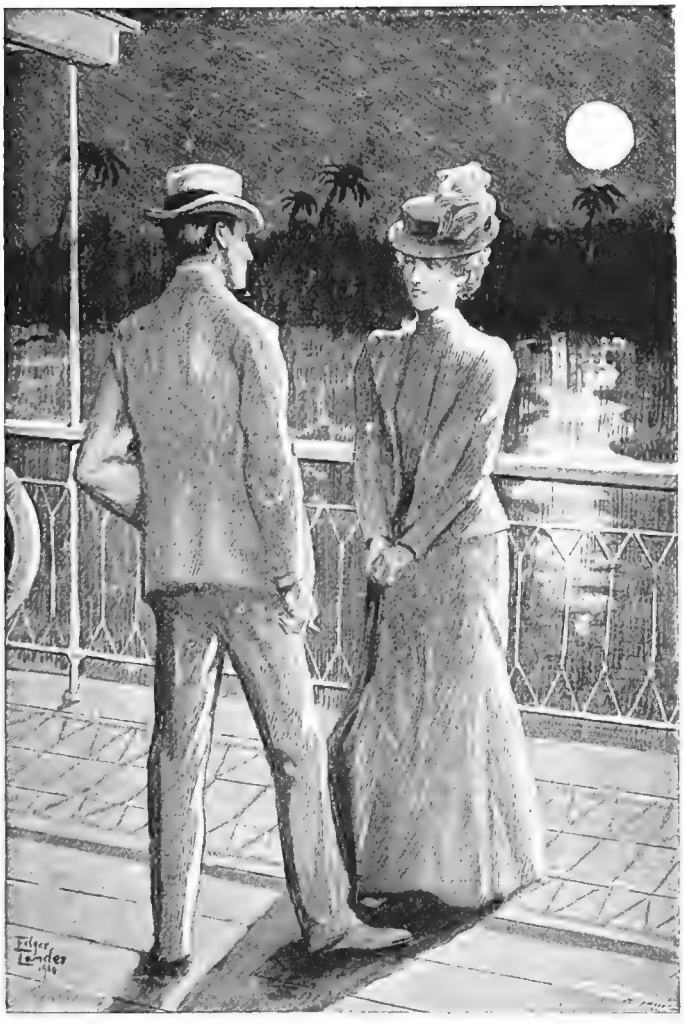
"I must," said the man. "I'll have to go and earn some dollars, or what will Poppa Millis say?"

"Poppa Millis?"

"Yes, of course, your Poppa, eh?" he exclaimed laughingly.

"But his name is not Millis," said the girl, looking suddenly away.

"Not Millis? How does that come about. I understood all along—— Ah, he is your stepfather perhaps?"



"I am Miss Curtis of Chicago."

"No," she returned slowly, still avoiding his face; "it is a mistake of Mrs. Pillsbury's that. Millis is my Christian name."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the man. "What a queer thing not to know the name of the girl one is going to marry. Not that it matters two pins, of course."

"But it does," said the girl smiling archly—"at least, I hope so."

"Not a bit of it," repeated the other. "Here, I say——" He broke off, and caught hold of her wrists, "What is the joke? Why are you smiling?"

She gave a little cry, which was half a sob, half a laugh, and, freeing herself, said, "I don't know, unless it is because I—— I am Miss Curtis, of Chicago!"

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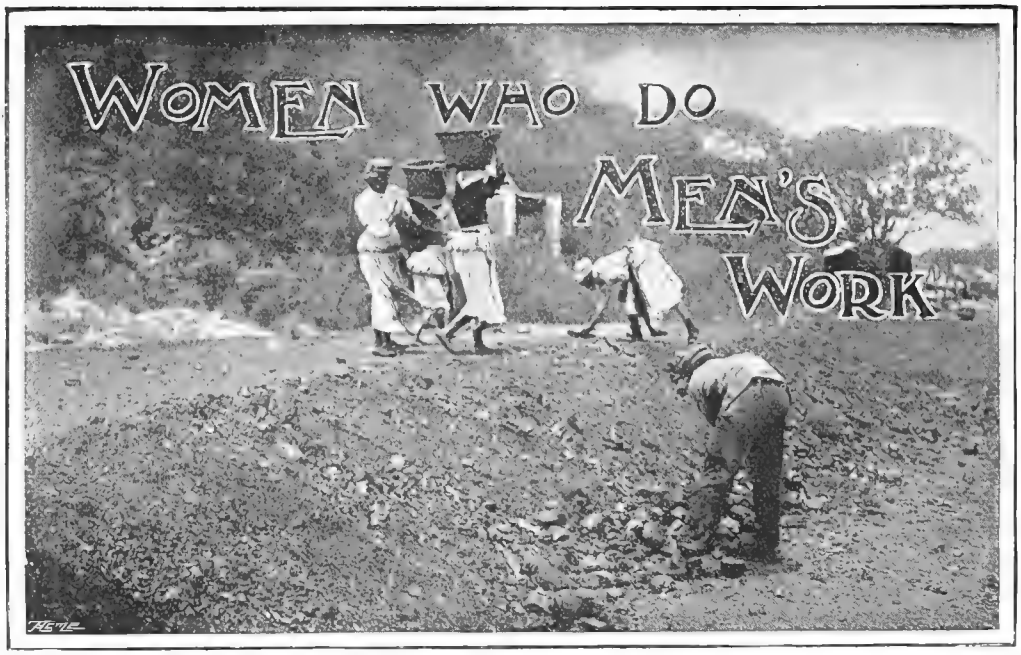

From a Photo.

By Florence Burnley and Kathleen Schlesinger.

Woman was never intended to be the lazy member of the community, nor has she ever deserved such an epithet, but the question of the fitness of her work, whether self-imposed or enforced, is rightly engaging the consideration of many at the present time.

The accompanying series of photographs will, however, serve to illustrate some curious features of the labour of our toiling sisters at home and abroad.

Formerly women used actually to work in the pits in many collieries in England and Wales, but now this is no longer allowed and their energies are restricted to the pit-brow and the screening stage. To the uninitiated these terms will need a little explanation perhaps. The pit-brow is the mouth of the colliery where the cage travels up and down the shaft, with its three decks packed with "tubs" or small trollies on four low wheels. As the cage comes to a standstill, three men dexterously clear the decks, guiding the tubs (of which there are two to each deck) on to the staging at each side of the shaft. Here they are handed over to the gentler—we must not in this case say the weaker—sex, and the pit-brow lassies run them off to the "tippler," a contrivance which tips up the tubs, shooting the coal down a shaft into the lower stage, and then giving the trollies a parting impulse which assist them on their return journey to the shaft.

Photo by Edizione Brogi.

Women carriers of Capri.

Now this sounds very hard work, and would be, no doubt, to any one unused to it, but the lassies make light of it; the tubs weigh only 9cwts., and run easily and smoothly

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Photo by E. Reeves.
Mrs. Steere, the only woman grave-digger in England.

Women chainmakers forging a chain. This is perhaps the hardest work that women are engaged in in the United Kingdom.

From a Photo.

along, and there are four girls to work the tubs on each side of the shaft.

The pit-brow women are mostly unmarried and earn from two shillings to two and twopence a day, and they work at the rate of ten hours a day.

On the lower stage, the screeners do much lighter work, sorting the coal and breaking up the lumps which contain foreign matter, such as stone or copper; for this work they receive fourpence a day less than their sisters at the pit-brow, whom they greatly envy. As soon as a vacancy occurs above—generally in consequence of the marriage of one of the lassies, the best of the screeners is promoted to fill the coveted place.

The costume of these women can certainly lay no claims to picturesque grace, but it is simple and meets the needs of the case; the bright-hued kerchief tied tightly over the hair keeps out the coal dust, the fish-wife skirt turned up over a pair of men's trousers reaching just below the knees, and the coarse apron of butcher's blue, are garments which, while allowing the limbs perfect freedom, are also calculated to stand rough usage.

This, although real toil, is not the hardest labour in which women engage in our island, for that of the chain-makers is far heavier still, and, what is worse, it is carried on inside factories rendered almost unbearable by the heat of the furnaces.

It was in the chief centre of the industry that the accompanying photographs were taken. These do not give the slightest idea of the utter wretchedness and misery of these forgers of chains, who, toiling like galley-slaves twelve hours a day in unwholesome sheds and factories, scorched by the heat of the furnaces, blistered by the bits of red-hot iron flying about, earn starvation wages of about seven to ten shillings a week.

From a Photo.
Women chainmakers. The beginning and the end of their work.

Look at the chain round the girl's neck in the illustration, and at the rods held by the woman at her side! When a woman succeeds in "working in" forty-six of these rods, which are nine feet long, she earns three shillings, out of which she has to pay for her "breezes" or fuel. This is the process: The iron rods are heated in the forge, of which the women work their own bellows; the red-hot iron is then bent and cut on the hardy, each link has to be twisted

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and passed through the last, and, finally, comes the hardest work of welding or closing the link by means of many blows from the hand-hammer on the anvil, as shown in one of our photographs.

It is pitiful to think of these slaves forging links at the miserable rate of five-and-four-pence a hundredweight, minus the fuel charges on which, more often than not, the masters make a profit of 100 to 200 per cent. Thus, after forging over 700 links in thirty-six hours, a woman receives less than half-a-crown for her labour. What would the dainty damsel say who is unfastening the chain from her pampered dog's collar when about to take him for a pleasant ramble in some cool, shady lane, if she could see the attenuated, hungry-looking girl who received the handsome wage of three farthings for making the chain complete with swivel and ring, and who would thankfully eat half the dog's dinner at any time in the day?

It is with relief that we turn to less gloomy scenes, and no greater contrast could be imagined than the life of the peat-carrier in the Shetland Isles, who has the inclemency of the weather to contend against, and little else. It is quite evident that her load is not a very heavy one, for she walks along knitting industriously the while. The Shetland maiden has a rival in the work of peat-carrying who can double the amount easily. This is the Sheltie pony to whose curious wooden saddle two *cassies* or straw baskets filled with peat are suspended.

Photo by R. H. Ramsay.
A Shetland peat-carrier.

From a Photo.
A woman cinder-washer. This is a branch of the chain-making trade.

Photo by Millard.
Women pitters at Wigan, which is the only place in England where women are still employed in that capacity.

The lot of our dusky sisters in South Africa is a hard one after marriage; the husband buys his wife for a few cows and a string or two of beads, and henceforth she is his slave and chief labourer; all the hardest work falls to her share. It is therefore not surprising to find Kaffir women acting as luggage bearers to a shooting party of white men, carrying the tent poles, the bedding, and the provisions for the shooters securely poised on their heads; they prove indefatigable porters, requiring little food or rest. When a halt is called the women lay down their burdens, and proceed to cater for the comforts of the inner man of their lords and masters before touching a morsel themselves, or taking their well-deserved rest. Another specimen of the work undertaken by the African woman is seen in the snapshot of the unloading of the boats at Klein Popo in German Togo, a district wedged in between Dahomey and the Gold coast, where the natives cultivate cereals, red and white beans, ground nuts, etc.

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Photo by Mr. F. Wootton Isaacson.
Native women carrying the baggage of a South African sporting party.

There is a mission established at Klein Popo, which faithfully battles againt fetichism, the depraving cult of the Togos, but it is a thankless task. As may be seen from our photograph, the men sit and take it easy in the boats, smoking their pipes and giving their orders, while the women carry the cargo of seeds and oil on to the shore, where the children and inquisitive little dogs investigate the nature of the contents of the large round jars.

No one expects, on turning to the Sunny South, to find the women taking toil or anything else in this life seriously, more especially in Italy, the land of the *dolce far niente*, and the picturesque photograph of the Italian peasant girl of Northern Italy playing at work as she carries her light basket of sweet-scented hay on her shoulders quite justifies that opinion.

The girl makes a pretty picture, but one feels that it would be useless to expect steady, regular work from her any more than one could expect to find her light-hearted gaiety and artless grace among the work-soddened chain-makers of Great Britain She is a type of those who take life easily in Italy, whereas another photograph shows us a contrast.

The scene changes now to the rocky island of Capri, where the grand old patriot, Garibaldi, spent the declining years of his life. Here, if you call for a porter to carry your trunk full of heavy books from the shore to the dizzy heights of the rocky village where you intend to read virtuously during the "long," a strapping wench with brawny arms steps forward, hoists the burden on to a low wall or bank, stoops, arranges on her well-poised head a little round pad, and before you have well got over your astonishment at these proceedings, she has started up the winding stairway at a good swinging pace. As the male population is engaged in fishing or gardening, women and girls do the fetching and carrying in Capri, where, although the population is poor, you never see a beggar.

Photo by Emilia.
An Italian woman of the peasant class playing at work.

The most serious career of all ever taken up by our toiling sisterhood is surely that of Mrs. Steere, the grave-digger, who is, I believe, the only female sexton in England, although it is said she has now a rival in Vienna. This venerable grave-digger is a native of Lewes, where her husband was the original sexton of the cemetery; he died nineteen years ago, and his widow, who had always assisted him in his work, took his place officially, and carried on his occupation unassisted for many years. She is now about seventy years old, and the natural infirmities of her

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great age have caused her to relinquish the actual labour, although she still superintends the making of graves, and, I am told, *takes pleasure* in filling them up. The old lady, in fact, looks back with justifiable pride on her singular and gruesome occupation.

In the Island of St. Thomas, which has been characteristically described by Anthony Trollope as a "Niggery—Hispano—Dane—Yankeedoodle sort of a place," we find the women to the fore again in the heavy labour. The island used to be the chief coaling station for the passenger steamers of the Royal Mail Line, but latterly its importance in that respect has materially dwindled.

Scottish peat-carriers.

Photo by C. Reid.

From the accompanying photographs we see that it is the negro women who stack the coal as it comes from the collieries, and carry it on their heads in round baskets to such boats as still call at the harbour; their mops of thick woolly hair generally suffice instead of mats under the baskets.

Photo by Byron.

Negro women coaling a steamer at St. Thomas, West Indies.

Clad in short calico petticoats, they march sturdily along the pier to the steamer, and empty their load into the large iron barrel, which, when full, is raised on to the deck by means of a crane, and finally shot into the hold. Our photograph portrays the curious scene.

Photo by The Deutsches Colonialhaus, Berlin.

Native Women unloading a boat at Klein Popo.

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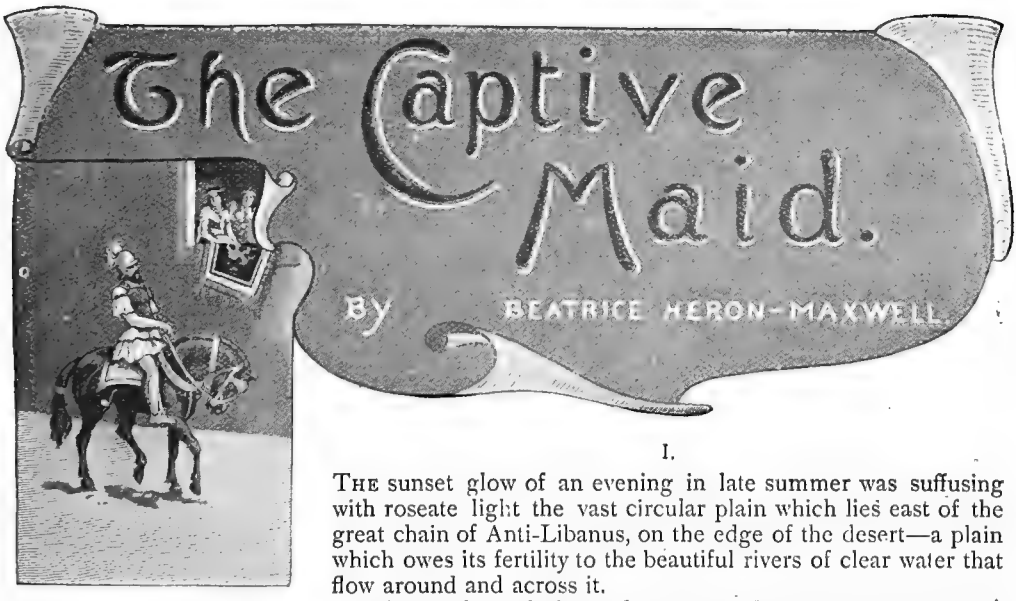

I.

THE sunset glow of an evening in late summer was suffusing with roseate light the vast circular plain which lies east of the great chain of Anti-Libanus, on the edge of the desert—a plain which owes its fertility to the beautiful rivers of clear water that flow around and across it.

The swifter of these, known as the Pharpar, pursues a tumultuous southern course, until it is lost in the lake that lies seven miles away from the white city, but the Abana, called by some "Chrysorrhoas," or "The Golden Stream," makes its way straight to Damascus, the most famous town of all Syria, the dwelling place of Syria's kings.

The white dome of the Temple of Rimmon, in the centre of Damascus, gleamed like the bell of a huge tropical flower, and below, surmounting the flight of steps that led up to the shrine, the great doors of cedar inlaid with brass stood wide open, for the King was about to issue forth in state, after making his obeisance to the god of his people.

On either side of the steps were ranged the King's Archers, a body of picked men, all beyond the common height and build, and each distinguished by some special deed of valour which earned for him the reward of being near the King's person.

The captain of the company, standing midway up the steps, outvied his men in stature and in splendour of person and bearing; and there were many who, looking on him that day, whispered that he was the kingliest man in Syria, and that the time would come when Axares would lead the whole host to battle, and be in the forefront of victory. "Throw him your amulet, Ela," whispered Mandane, the bright-eyed daughter of the King's Chamberlain, when Axares rode past in the royal procession to the Temple; "so will you make him yours."

But Ela, the girl to whom she spoke and who held a high place amongst the Court beauties, shrank back, replacing the bracelet on her arm, and, hiding her face, for Axares' eyes had met hers with the careless indifference of one to whom the persons in the crowd were all of equal value.

Her pride rebelled from such scanty tribute to her charms.

"The Captain Axares has no need for amulets," she said, with a quiver of the lips she tried to make disdainful. "He fears naught and he cares for none."

Yet for her the brightness of the day had gone now the King's Archers were past the window in the Chamberlain's house at which she sat.

But she was wrong about Axares. For him love was no longer an unknown gift of the gods, and his thoughts were occupied with someone who had taken no part in the day's festivities, but whose face seemed to him fairer than any of his countrywomen. So, with his dark eyes reflective under their marked and level brows, and with his lips set in content under his short, dark beard, he stood, waiting the King's pleasure, on the Temple steps.

Suddenly the inner doors of hammered gold swung open, and, preceded by the standard, a pole surmounted by his name, the King stepped slowly forward, leaning on the arm of his Captain-in-Chief, Naaman, foremost in rank among the nobles of the realm, and first in the King's favour and esteem.

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Shouts of "Ben-Hadad" rent the air from the expectant crowd beneath, and Axares, giving to his men the order to salute, stepped aside to make way for the royal progress. It was a strange sight this, of the two first men in Syria, the contrasts between them bringing into relief the characteristics of each.

The King's features were of too heavy an order to be comely, and their expression, imperious and watchful, was singularly unchanging; even the victories he had lately gained had not stirred him to an evidence of enthusiasm, yet he was in many instances a just ruler and a loyal friend.

The man on whose arm he leant, not for support, but because it was the royal custom, and the prerogative of the King's favourite, was one whom he had selected always for his favour, and who for two years now had held the highest and most coveted appointment in the land, that of commander of the host, with even more than all the usual privileges and emoluments.

The King delighted to honour him, because it was he, Naaman, who, drawing a bow at a venture, with his keen eyes directed towards the spot where he knew the King of Israel drove his chariot amongst the Jewish troops, had pierced the joints of the breast-plate and inflicted the mortal wound of which Ahab died at even.

The Jews did not resent the death of their King, for he had oppressed them greviously, and they considered that Jehovah himself had permitted his death at the hands of this heathen, but it seemed strange and terrible to them that the man in greatest authority in Syria, next to the King himself, should be this Naaman, a leper; one who, in their country, would have been isolated from his fellows, branded with a taint that debarred him from all human joys and advancements, and from participating in the worship of his God!

The Syrians, however, looked on this deadly evil in a more lenient way, and to them there was no sense of repulsion at the sight of the Chief Captain, side by side with the King, moving freely in their midst, his dark eyes shining from a face that, though unblemished in the fineness of its contour, was "white as the driven snow."

They moved together, with stately steps, down to the King's chariot with its team of beautiful Arabian horses, black, without a fleck of colour on their shining skins, laden with jewelled and embroidered trappings. Behind them came a procession of high officers of Court and State, and then the King's Archers closed in and descended the steps, as the priests of Rimmon shut the doors of the Temple and withdrew to the inner shrine to complete the sacrifice.

So ended the obeisance of the King to Hadad-Rimmon.

II.

"My lord, what ails thee? Why dost thou look so disquieted and moody?"

It was the wife of Naaman who spoke when her husband, newly returned from his attendance on the King, sought her on the terrace, where, in the cool of the evening, she wandered with some of her maidens.

He made a gesture of weariness, and bade her dismiss those who were with her and sit with him on the parapet of the tower that looked out over the great plain. The glint of the river where it wound through the city was cool and peaceful, and Zeresh's hand when she laid it on his brow was pleasant to his troubled mind.

"What is it that you want, Naaman, my heart's lord?" she murmured. "Is there aught that the King has denied to thee?"

"Nought," he said briefly.

"You are Ben Hadad's friend and counsellor, and you are the husband of Zeresh," she said tenderly, for she was possessed of great wealth, and her olive-tinted face had a spiritual charm that was rare amongst the full-lipped and voluptuous-eyed Syrians; "Why then should my lord bend his brow and gaze so sadly towards the mountains? Does he seek fresh warfare?"

He made a sudden gesture of self-repudiation. "I would be clean," he said, "I would be as other men are, for thy sake, Zeresh, as well as for my own."

Then Zeresh, holding her peace for a moment, turned away from him and burst into bitter weeping, for this was the haunting spectre that dogged them both. And now it had risen again just at the moment when she most counted on its absence.

Naaman rose, and, telling her gently that the shadow was gone, entreated her to think no more of what he had said but to hasten the evening meal, so that they might eat and drink and be glad. She went therefore slowly to her own room, deep in thought, and her maidens clustered round her anxiously, wondering what had happened.

"Where is Merab?" she said, looking round on them all. "Go you and send her to me. I want no one else."

She sank into the carved ivory chair with its arched arms that stood in front of her polished

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steel mirror, and covered her eyes with one hand as though even her own reflection disturbed her. A moment later a light step crossed the room, and a girl, dressed in the loose white garments of the Israelites, stood before Zeresh, a bunch of white lilies and pinks clasped in her folded hands.

She was a girl whose exquisite loveliness was like that of a sculptured angel, so perfect in curve and contour were the chiselled features, so pathetic their pallor, and the wistful gaze of the large soft eyes. She was quite young, almost on the borderland of childhood, but a world of thought and care and sad experience lay in the depths of her eyes, and in the small folded lips.

"I am here, lady," she said after a moment, in a low, sweet voice.

Zeresh raised her eyes, and a look of pleasure came into them as she saw Merab.

"Child," she said, "I am troubled, and my lord is troubled also! Sing me one of your songs and beguile my sadness. Put your flowers aside."

"They are for you," said Merab gently. "I thought they would look well woven into your hair."

Zeresh smiled, well pleased.

Merab's beauty and tender girlish ways had captivated her heart, sore in its childlessness, from the moment when Naaman, at his triumphal home-coming from the last war, had said:

"Here is a little maid whom we made captive, from the tents of Israel; take her, she is the spoil I brought for thee; she is of good birth amongst her own people and she seems gentle-natured. Let her wait upon thyself."

The King stepped slowly forward, leaning on the arm of Naaman.

And Zeresh, taking her as a gift from the Sun-god and touched by the tears that shone in the girl's eyes, had treated her with kindness, consoling her for her exile in many ways and giving to her all the chief duties as well as the lightest, connected with her person.

Laying her flowers down on the ivory dressing-table, Merab fetched her musical instrument—a quaint, three-stringed one—and sang first a plaintive song of mourning, and then a wild barbaric melody of triumph and rejoicing.

The dark look faded from Zeresh's face;

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Someone passing the gate started at the vision.

and at the end she sprang up, clapping her hands and calling to Merab to bring her silken robes and jewels, and to weave the flowers into her coronet of hair.

"I would fain look my best to-night, and win my lord from grievous thoughts!" she said. "Perchance I will send for thee to sing to him, Merab, after the supper is ended."

She swept away to the banqueting hall, and Merab went out to the garden to dream of her distant home under the stars.

As the night fell, she drew nearer to the gate through the bars of which she could see the glimmering lights from the bazaars, and hear the tread of soldiers where they passed upon their rounds.

She might have been the spirit of purity and innocence as she stood there motionless in her white dress, one drooping hand clasping her lute, in the other a branch of white flowers.

Someone passing the gate started at the vision, and stopped, saying with a courteous salute: "The evening is good, is it not? Is Naaman keeping at home to-night? I would speak with him."

"He is within," answered Merab. "He sups even now with Zeresh."

Axares, for it was he, felt a thrill of passionate tenderness as the lovely eyes met his; this captive maid had a strange attraction for him with her pure, sad face, so different in its gaze to the bold challenge of the Syrian girls when their hero passed by.

He lingered and talked with her through the gate, and she was won to tell him of her life in Judæa, of the father and mother whose only child she was, and of the great Temple in which she was wont to worship the God of her people.

"Will you give me one of the flowers you hold?" said Axares humbly, when at last he felt that he must not linger at the gate, "they seem to be like yourself, Merab, and I would fain keep it in remembrance of you."

"My lord does too much honour to his servant," answered Merab with proud humility; yet this warrior, heathen and conqueror of Israel as he was, seemed to her the goodliest man that she had ever seen.

He stretched his hand through the gate towards her; and it was new and pleasureable to Axares to plead for what was usually given with a readiness that deprived the gift of all its grace.

"I should prize it very greatly," he said gravely. Yet he had never asked a boon of any maid before.

She broke off a blossom from her branch, and, stepping to the gate, she laid it in his hand; then, before he could detain hers, she drew the folds of the light scarf that lay round her shoulders over her head, and with an obeisance walked away into the shadow of the trees beyond.

While Axares, putting the flower inside his leathern doublet, passed on to the doorway of Naaman's house, and was shown into the Chief Captain where he sat at meat.

Both Naaman and Zeresh welcomed him gladly, for he was their near kinsman, and his presence was always desirable to them.

Not only was he a mighty man of valour, but he had more learning than most of the younger men, and especially the soldiers of his time; for he was of a grave and high-

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souled nature, and the amusements of the Court seemed often frivolous and wearisome to him.

He admired Zeresh greatly, finding a sweet unselfishness in her marriage to Naaman, and preferring her stately somewhat frigid ways to the more free and alluring ones of many of the Syrian ladies.

He, too, found Naaman unusually silent and ill at ease; all the efforts of Zeresh to win him from his unhappy mood had been of no avail, and, sick at heart, she left the two together, and sent for Merab to the Terrace to sing to her and comfort her.

The sound of the fresh young voice, with its soft lute accompaniment, was wafted across the garden to the banqueting hall, and presently Axares, attracted by it, came out to them and stood leaning against the parapet, his face in shadow, his whole soul absorbed with the beauty of the singer's tones, and face, and attitude.

"How fares my lord?" asked Zeresh, when the song ended.

"Not well," replied the young Captain, "he seems strangely disturbed and moody to-night."

"Will he not come and listen to the music?" she continned.

"It might well soothe him to ease of soul," said Axares, "yet he would not be persuaded."

Zeresh sighed heavily. "If only—" she began, and broke off with a gesture of despair. But Merab, springing up, laid a hand upon her arm and said earnestly, "I would that my lord would go to the prophet who dwells in Samaria; then would he be cured of this malady."

"Of whom speakest thou, child? Knowest thou not that it is impossible to find a cure. The gods look down on this evil thing unmoved."

But Merab's eyes were filled with the glow of earnest faith, and she entreated Zeresh to give heed to her while she told of all the miracles wrought by Elisha.

"Is not death a greater thing than this?" she said. "Yet to Elisha it was nought."

"Your tales are wondrous, child," said Zeresh, a hope springing up in her heart. "I will speak of them to my lord even now."

And arising, she hurried away from the terrace.

There was silence between the two for

"Beloved, thou art a queen among women, and with thee for wife I should feel a very king among men."

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some moments; then Merab would have gently passed Axares with a murmured word of farewell, but he caught her hand and detained her.

"Is it even as thou sayest about this prophet of thine?" he asked her.

"It is even so," she answered.

"I could find it in my heart to wish that I had been born an Israelite instead of a Syrian," said Axares, "then, perhaps, thou would'st have looked upon me with favour, Merab."

She was silent, the hand which he held trembling, in his strong clasp.

Her face was turned away from him, and he bent down to find some answer in her eyes.

"Merab," he said, and never surely had Axares' voice softened to such tender pleading, "there is nought in the wide world I would not do for thee; hast thou not a word of kindness for me."

"I am but a captive," she faltered, trying to draw her hand away from his.

"It is I who am thy captive," he exclaimed, "to do with as thou wilt. Beloved, to me thou art a queen among women, and with thee for my wife I should feel a very king among men."

Then she lifted her face to him, and there was such a radiance in it that he knew her heart was his, in spite of all barriers that lay between them.

And with a mental vow that he would gain her freedom and cherish and protect her from all further harm, he folded her in his strong arms, and kissed the beautiful eyes until they lost their sadness, and shone with the joy of a great love.

Never since the first moment of her captivity had Merab known happiness and peace of mind until this night.

But alas! even at that moment the evil that jealousy can work had begun to cast its deadly blight upon them.

They did not dream that a spy who had followed Axares when he came to Naaman's house had witnessed both their meetings.

He was a servant of the King's Chamberlain, and had been sent by Mandane with a letter to Axares, chiding him for his coldness to her friend, the beautiful Ela, and bidding him come that evening to one of the terraces of the King's garden, where they would walk after supper and wait for him.

The servant, who knew that the letter was of immediate importance, learning that Axares had gone to Naaman's house, followed him, and decided to loiter until the young captain came forth.

Hidden therefore in a fringe of trees, he watched until Axares, quitting Merab, went out by the terrace gate, and after delivering Mandane's letter, returned and told her all that he had seen.

The blow to Ela's pride and self-esteem shattered all the love she had hitherto felt for Axares, and in a storm of furious despair she turned to Mandane to help her in gaining some revenge upon the lovers.

"That he should dare to slight me for this captive girl, this Jewess, this slave," she cried passionately; "I would that I could compass her death. Help me, Mandane; tell me how best I can avenge myself."

III.

So on the morrow when it was known that Naaman, having received Ben-Hadad's permission to go to Judæa, had departed with a large train of chariots and horses and men, and with rich gifts for the prophet of Samaria, in return for which the King demanded his restoration to health, Ela and Mandane sought an audience of the King.

"What would you with me, fair maidens?" said Ben-Hadad smiling, when they made their obeisance to him.

"We would tell thee of a plot that touches thee nearly, O King," answered Mandane, "since it is against Naaman, whom thou honourest. We are assured that this Merab the Israelite hath sent him on a fool's errand, knowing well that her people will take from him his liberty, and perchance his life."

Ben-Hadad's eyes flashed, and a frown gathered between his brows.

He turned and gave a brief order to one of his guards.

"Fring hither Zeresh, and the maid from Israel who is of her household."

"But that is not all," continued Mandane; "she hath another meaning in what she doth. For she hath won thy captain Axares to love her, and she would that he may take Naaman's place as Commander of the Host."

Ben-Hadad struck the ground with his staff, and, calling to another of the guards who stood near him, bade him summon Axares also to the Palace. Then he remained silent until they were all assembled, when he said to Merab: "Stand forth, and tell me of this prophet."

As she stepped forward quietly and stood in the centre of the King's Hall in her white robes, without an ornament or a jewel, and only the white band round her dark hair, she looked the loveliest woman there, and even Ben-Hadad himself was struck with the regal bearing of this Jewish maid.

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With her eyes steadfastly on his, she spoke of Elisha, relating all the wonderful things that he had done, and how he was in the counsels of the King of Israel, and could tell him when the Syrians were coming to war against him and which side would win the battle. How he had prophesied the death of Ahab at the hand of a Syrian, and many other things.

Then Ben-Hadad said: "Art thou willing to stake thy life on the power of this Prophet?"

And she folded her arms on her breast, and said: "I am willing."

The King was silent for some time, looking long at Merab, debating as to what he should do with her. At last he said:

"So be it; if Naaman returns in safety and healed of his malady, thou shall have freedom and honour; if otherwise, thy life is forfeit."

Then he dismissed them all, and Zeresh went home sorrowing and lonely, for Merab was taken to the prison hall, there to wait till news should come of Naaman.

"I, Axares, could win the king's pardon for thee, if thou would'st."

But when Axares, heavy-hearted, would have left the King's presence, Ben-Hadad sternly commanded him to remain in the palace, and not to leave its precincts without express permission.

It needed but a glance at the malicious triumph in Ela's face as she passed him with Mandane to show Axares whose hand had wrought all this disaster, but her gaze fell abashed before the scorn of his look, and she knew that whatever happened either to Merab or to him his deathless love would belong always to the Jewish girl and his deathless hate to the woman who had parted them.

The days dragged heavily on, for still there came no tidings of Naaman, and still the King's order kept Axares at the palace, while Merab lay desolate in prison, only upheld from sinking into despair by her steadfast faith and courage.

Twice Axares found means to convey to her a few words of loving re-assurance, but the risk was great, and it was not possible for her to reply to him.

He had made up his mind that on the day which brought evil tidings of Naaman, he would manage with the help of the King's Seal, to obtain access to Merab, and, having contrived her escape, would drive her himself in a swift chariot out of Damascus. Then, if they were discovered and overtaken, he would die with her.

He had little hope of any other fate; Ben-Hadad would be implacable in his wrath if harm came to Naaman, and Axares dared not believe that such a miracle as the Chief-Captain's return, safe and sound, could happen.

He was dreaming listlessly of this dreary future one day in an ante-chamber of the Palace, when a light laugh rippled near him, and a flower adroitly flung from between parted curtains struck his lips and fell at his feet.

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He made no attempt to pick it up, and a moment after, Ela, for it was she, drew the curtain aside, saying:

"They are fools who dream of the moon when the sun is shining. Is my poor flower despised, Axares; it touched thy lips but now."

He looked away from her indifferently, while he answered:

"The lips are far away from the heart, and my heart is guarded by another flower, which was not given unasked."

Her face darkened and all its beauty vanished as she replied:

"Merab, the captive, whose treachery will soon now be rewarded! Fool! to waste thy love on one who hath brought thee disgrace, and will bring thee death, perchance, while I —" she paused, and strove to soften the harshness of her voice, "I, Axares, could win the King's pardon for thee, if thou wouldst."

She drew nearer, and laid her fingers on his arm, but he shook them off as though they held some blight, and said:

"I have done no wrong, and I desire no pardon either at thy hands or the King's. The treachery is thine, and I would die a thousand deaths rather than owe aught to thee. Begone, or I shall forget thou art a woman in thy falseness!"

She shrank before his righteous anger, then turned and confronted him with flashing eyes.

"*She* shall pay the penalty for those words of thine," she said. "Thy punishment shall be to know that it is for thy folly she suffers."

And then the woman lost control over herself completely. She clenched her hands, stamped her feet, abused the warrior before her; and heaped every insult to which her tongue would give expression upon the absent Israelitish captive. Never before had Axares seen a woman in such a fury. Even he would have thought it impossible that a Syrian maiden, considered by her own people as beautiful and refined above the average, could thus have acted like a barbarian from the eastern provinces of the Empire But he was able now to understand how Ela had consigned an innocent girl to the dungeon. He knew her nature.

Axares stared at her, shocked at the violence of her pent-up fury, and as they stood thus a great tumult arose in the courtyard, and many of the King's household came running through the palace crying: "They come! they come!" While through the doorway a concourse of people could be seen and heard approaching with shouts of acclamation for someone who rode in their midst.

"It is he!" exclaimed Ela, while a ghastly pallor crept over her face, and a trembling into her limbs, as she realised the meaning of this joyous welcome.

"It can be no other," said Axares, the light of a great and amazed gladness dawning in his eyes. "Hark, they are entering the audience-chamber of the King; there is the summons for the Guards."

And without another word they hastened together to the great hall of the Seven Kings, where Ben-Hadad granted audiences of State.

The King was already seated on his throne and the hall was thronged, while every eye was turned upon Zeresh and Naaman, who stood at the King's right hand. And Axares knew that the miracle had come to pass, for the chief-captain's skin was no longer white as snow but was as other men's; his leprosy had departed—he was healed.

"Seven times have I dipped," he said, "in the clay-coloured stream of Israel, even as the prophet told me, and at the seventh time I was made whole! Wherefore I have brought with me two mule-burdens of earth wherewith to build an altar to the God of Israel. For he is greater even than Rimmon."

"It is well," said Ben-Hadad. "Bring hither Merab, the Israelite captive."

And when she came, he said: "Approach near to me."

So she went close to the King and bowed her head.

Then taking the chain of jewels from his own neck he laid it round hers, and turning to them all, he said:

"Know that Merab is free from this hour, and the eight talents of silver which Elisha the Prophet refused, these shall be hers; and she may depart to her own land in peace whensoever she wills it. But and if she will dwell with us, then shall she be held in honour by the Syrians, and she may ask what boon she will; it shall be granted to her."

She lifted her face, dazzling now in its beauty and radiance, and stretching out her hand to Axares where he stood apart, she said:

"If the King wills, I would that Axares would ask the boon for me."

And the King said: "He may ask."

So Axares, stepping forth and taking her hand before them all, said:

"I would ask that the King shall consent to our marriage, and thereafter shall permit us to visit the people of Merab, and to return again to dwell in Syria."

And the King said: "It is granted. Go in peace."

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DAILY LIFE ON A BATTLESHIP

Photo by R. Thiele & Co

Being the Second of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Jack's day begins at four o'clock in the morning, when most properly regulated persons are very sensibly and soundly asleep. As a matter of fact a warship is not a vessel in which naval officers and men prance up and down the world's seas—eating, and drinking, and making merry, chewing tobacco, swallowing grog, and telling lusty yarns smelling of the sea—fishy. Jack Tars do not languish in genteel indolence until the call comes to fight for the flag. An admiral remarked, not long ago, that bluejackets earned their pay like horses and spent it like asses. Apart from Jack's little failings ashore, it is a fact that there are few men of his class who lead such downright hard-working lives. Look at any naval veteran! If he has served as a seaman he will have a face like a wizened apple, and his rheumatics and other pains are the legacies he has gained for his old age by standing ready in past years in all climates and all weathers to right the wrongs of his Queen and country. There are exceptions. Some men pass through the severe mill of naval service with slight effect, but the constant activity, the exposure in heat and cold, despite the generally healthy conditions of the life, often leave their story printed on face and hands and constitution. Old salts of the quarter-deck you may find, but of those men who work amid the whirl of the machinery in the ships bowels, with the temperature it may be at 130-140 degrees Fahrenheit, or in the stokeholds — what become of them in old age? At fifty most of them are worn out. Many leave their health, their sight, and possibly their hearing behind them in the engine-rooms or stokeholds, and come ashore for the last time old men of seventy or thereabouts, though they have seen but fifty birthdays. But blue-jacket, stoker, engine-room artificer, or marine, they all love the sea and its life, though it is far from realising many landsmen's dreams of lazy days on the ocean while the ship glides over gently rippling waters, and past strange romantic coasts.

Bluejackets work as hard as horses, and

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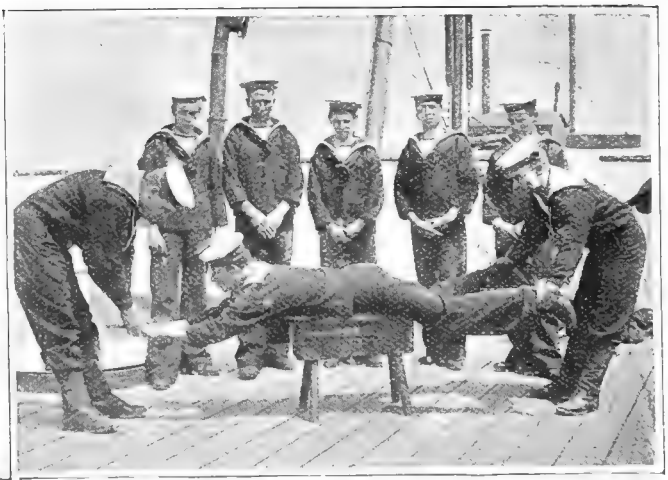
they never know what it is to sleep more than four hours at a stretch afloat. Stokers and others get a clear eight hours as a rule; that is one of the compensations of their lives. "Idlers" such men used to be called as were not actual fighters—but the word was no real reproach, and has been superseded by the word "daymen." All the men in a warship labour in one way or another, and in time of war even paymasters are at the doctor's right hand. Bluejackets owe a duty to their Queen, to the flag, and to the country. It is their part in times of peace to prepare for war, and they do it by drilling continuously from New Year's Day to the last day in December, and so on year after year.



A "dry" swimming-class on board ship. This is how Jack learns the movements of the arms and legs.

Jack receives visitors. A sailor explaining the working of the guns to his mother.

Jack gets his pay usually on the Friday following commissioning. A number of local tra es-men — watch-dealers, tailors, photographers, stationers, etc.— are then permitted by the master-at-arms to bring their goods on board for the sailors' inspection. The scene which takes place is depicted in this photograph.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

Jack is forced to be an early riser, for the ships must be as clean as a Dutchman's house by eight or nine o'clock, or there would be a hullaballoo that would not soon be forgotten. It has already been explained in a former article that a ship's company is divided into watches, and the precise time in harbour, when the men of the early watch have to fling themselves out of their hammocks to relieve the middle watch, depends upon the admiral or the captain, if the ship is not cruising in a squadron. The hour at sea is always four o'clock. At that hour punctually the ever-restless boatswain's mate wanders round the mess deck, shrilly piping and shouting, "Starboard watch" (or Port, as the case may be), and daymen rouse out—rouse out—"'Eave round, 'eave round, 'eave round, show a leg, a purse, or a stocking."

In this connection it is interesting to note that purser was the old name for the ship's paymaster, from whom the men obtained the long blue stockings, which in cold weather they sometimes wear when asleep in

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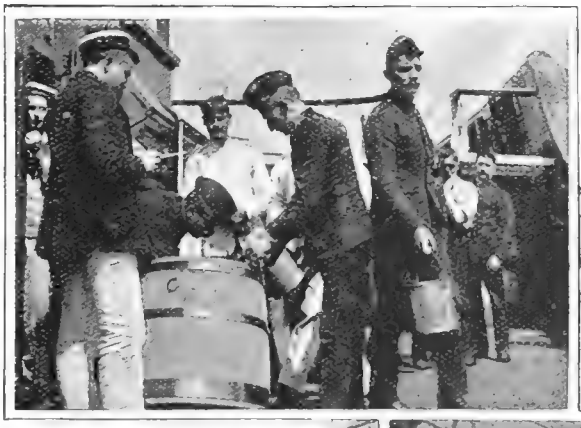
their hammocks. No man can shirk his duty to get up by any excuses, and soon all are gathered on the quarter-deck scrubbing and washing it, while the so-called "daymen" are busy below, if the ship is in harbour, supplying the water.

At sea, in modern ships, the water is pumped by the fire-engine, and the daymen do not have to man the pumps for washing the decks. They have to do this, however, in harbour when, as sometimes happens, there is no steam, even in one boiler. Every man becomes for the time a deft housemaid. Dressed in his old blue serge working suit, Jack flies about the flooded deck in his bare feet, his trousers tucked up to his knees. While all this mess and commotion is going on above, the men of the other watch, who turned in at 4 o'clock, sleep below, but shortly after 6 o'clock it is their turn to respond to the call of the boatswain's mate, and, lashing up their hammocks, stow away all the night gear in readiness for the first meal of the day. Table and stools are placed out and Jack's bedroom is transformed into his meal room. Between half past six and seven breakfast is served, a simple meal of which more may be written in another article. It is a meal only in a complimentary sense, and is quickly despatched. Within half an hour, or an hour—usually about 8 o'clock—the bugle sounds to "quarters," and the work of cleaning is resumed; on this occasion the guns are taken in hand and burnished until they meet with the approval of the gunnery lieutenant and gunner.

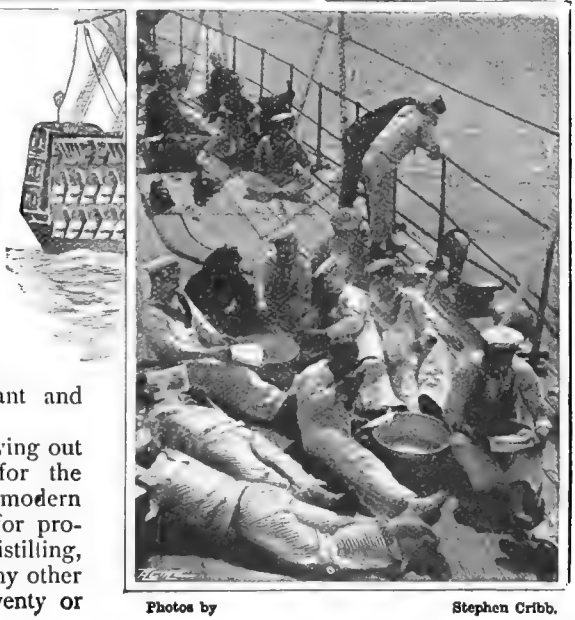
Meantime the engineers' staff are carrying out a similar task of cleanliness below for the benefit of the engines and boilers, for a modern ship has about two score of engines for propulsion, ventilation, steering, water distilling, boat and ammunition hoisting, and many other purposes, and there are eighteen or twenty or more boilers. When the guns are made "beautiful as the morning," the decks where breakfast has been eaten are swept and tidied, and other finishing touches put to the ship's toilet. Soon after 8 o'clock—or an hour later in winter—everything is in apple-pie order, the men parade in divisions, and as the colours are hoisted each officer and man stands at the salute.

The naval day has now really begun. All hands muster and are inspected by the officers of their divisions, who seem to scrutinise every detail of the men's dress and call over the coals every man who, having had time to tidy himself since he tidied the ship, is not smart in appearance. The tolling of a bell tells all and sundry that the hour has come for prayers; the Roman Catholics fall



Grog is served out to the men under the eye of an officer.

After dinner the men are allowed for forty minutes to drink, smoke, and yarn. They sit about the decks as shown in the photograph, and make the most of their short period of recreation.



Photos by Stephen Cribb.

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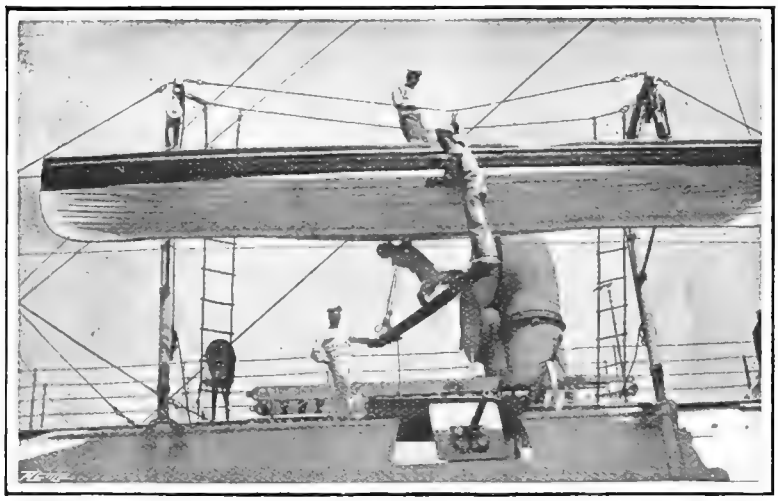

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

Cleaning boats.

out and the other men are marched to the quarterdeck.

On every warship, except little torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, the day begins with prayers. These are said after divisions by the chaplain, or, if the ship has no "Padro," as he is called, by the captain. His religious duties done, Jack has a short time to himself—a "stand easy"—when he eats his real breakfast—not a meal provided by the authorities, but one for which he pays out of his own pocket. Possibly, during this short rest he gets an opportunity to have his first smoke of the day. This short period of relaxation is followed by the morning's drills or exercises according to a programme which will be explained subsequently.

These drills last until 11.30, when the ship is once more tidied, and the first lieutenant serves out punishment to each delinquent, while from the lower regions ascend smells more or less savoury, and more or less strong, according to the character of the day's dinner.

Meantime, on the bridge the navigating lieutenant will be busy with his sextant, noting the position of the ship and the sun. At noon he gives his report to the officer of the watch, who forthwith proceeds to the captain, who by this time will have disposed of the serious cases which the first lieutenant will have passed on to him, for even a "first Luff's" power of punishment is limited. The officer of the watch finds the captain at leisure. "Twelve o'clock, sir," he exclaims, and indicates briefly the latitude of the ship. On the captain signifying that he is satisfied, the sentry strikes eight bells, the boatswain's mate pipes for dinner, and in a moment the men are "hard at it," for after such a morning's work in fresh salt air, who would not be a good trencherman? Half an hour suffices for the meal and then under the eye of one of the officers the grog is served out—what it really is, how it came to be so called and other details must be explained on another occasion, when the mysteries of Jack's food and drink—real mysteries—are revealed. Lanterns are lighted and from them pipes are set smoking lustily, giving off an aroma that would paralyse a good many landsmen, for "ship's tobacco" is distinctly strong. For a full forty minutes the men

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The sailors take a pride in keeping their guns highly polished.

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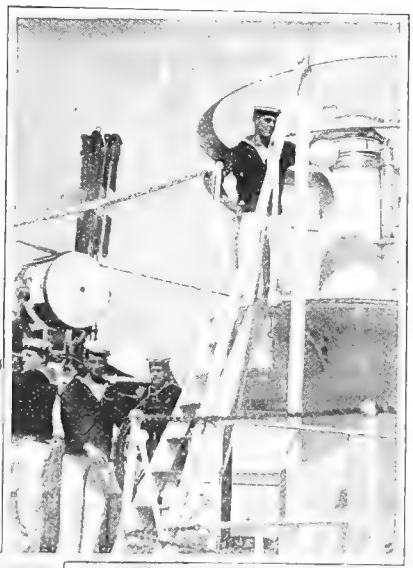
drink and smoke and yarn and joke in groups, and then the mid-day "spell-oh" ends. At a quarter past one all is orderly commotion, decks are cleaned up once more, small arms are petted and burnished, and drill begins for one watch and lasts until half past three o'clock, while the other watch goes below, probably to sleep or to make or mend clothes.

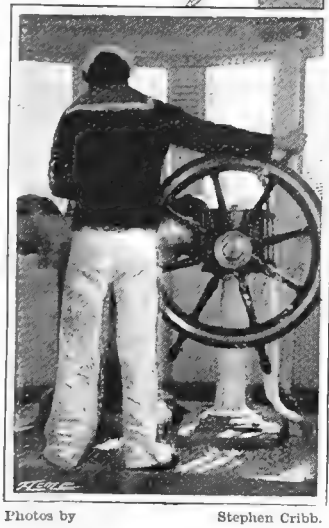
At half past four all the ship will have been tidied, mess tables and stools will have been placed out, and the men sit down to their supper, and change into their night "rigs." Supper at 4.30, according to the Admiralty's regulations. This leisure time is usually seized by slaves of the weed for a smoke as well as for supper. In half an hour the signal is given, "Out pipes and smoking lanterns," and if the ship is at sea, guns are secured for the night, boats hoisted in, divisions are inspected; and if in harbour at this time, men who have permission to go ashore for a little recreation leave, while their companions have a short time to themselves to smoke and talk, play cards or draughts, sing songs, dance, or prepare some theatricals—for Jack acts. Thus the men while away two hours or so of freedom.

At half past seven, "stand by hammocks" is the pipe, and all hands put down their hammocks and hang them up, and have an opportunity of eating their real supper, for which they pay themselves. But before this the commander will have paid a visit to the deck. More smoking; more yarning follow as a rule. At sea the men of the first watch (8 to 12 p.m.) are mustered round the capstan for their night duties. At 8.30 there is a final clean up of the decks, clothes bags are stowed away neatly, at 8.45 the cry once more is, "out pipes and smoking lanterns," and a quarter of an hour later the commander makes his inspection round. A short spell of leisure is again vouchsafed, and by ten o'clock the mess deck is quiet in healthy slumber, save for occasional creakings of hammocks and fitful snores.



The steering gear of a battleship.

Taking in signals from the flagship.



Photos by Stephen Cribb.

The man at the wheel.

It remains to indicate the never changing round of each successive day of the week, apart from the routine already referred to, and this may be done by giving a ship's calendar.

MONDAY.

Morning: **General drill. Prepare for action and place out the torpedo nets at the ship's sides ready to repel any foe.**

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Afternoon: Gymnastics and small arms drill. At 6 p.m. wash clothes. Inspection of guns. Once a month, on a Monday, the bedding is aired in the open.

TUESDAY.

Morning: Divisional drill. Torpedo running for practice.

Afternoon: Gymnastics. Boat sailing. Small arms drill. Gun inspection. Steamboats manned and manœuvred every other week. On Tuesday forenoon hammocks have to be scrubbed.

WEDNESDAY.

Morning: Torpedo exercise and nets against torpedo attack, placed outside ship. Drill for Marines and drill for seamen ashore, if possible, with field guns.

Afternoon: Cutlass exercises. Explosive mines, electric cables and the electric circuits of guns inspected by officers. Midshipmen and sailor boys drill with gun, small arm, and cutlasses.

THURSDAY.

Morning: Parties of seamen and marines exercised in landing. Drill in passing ammunition from the shell and powder compartments up to the guns.

Twice a month, Thursday forenoon, the men muster to verify their numbers, every two months their bedding is inspected and every three months their clothes are inspected, and the Articles of War are read out, together with any new regulations.

Afternoon: "Make and mend clothes," this is the time when Jack enjoys himself. It is his half holiday, and if he is in harbour, tradesmen come aboard with goods for sale.

FRIDAY.

Morning: "General Quarters," when the ship is prepared in every way as for action and the men drilled in all their warlike duties.

Afternoon: The ship's boats are armed as though there were pirates or slave runners to be dealt with. There is practice at laying out an anchor, and the gun-cotton is tested.

Once a month "fire quarters" are held on Friday. Every man stands to his duty as though the ship were on fire.

SATURDAY.

This is the day for cleaning up the ship in the most thorough way and, if in harbour, men who have friends or families in the district often get leave to spend the week-end with them; other men go ashore to stretch their legs. Occasionally, also the ship's pumps are tested on this day.

SUNDAY.

None but absolutely necessary work is carried out on Sunday. At 9.30 the men are mustered in divisions in their best clothes—white duck if in the tropics—and are inspected by the captain. After this formality the chaplain conducts morning service and for the rest of the day the men are more or less free.

These particulars leave a good deal of the sailor's work unmentioned, because much of it cannot be set down, it is so multifarious and varies according to circumstances. Variations are inevitable in certain hot latitudes in order that all the hard work may be done in the cool of the early morning, and completed in the evening, leaving the hot hours free. But apart from these departures from the ordinary procedure on board a man-of-war, Jack is a seven days' clock, wound up by the Admiral of the squadron, or by the captain if the ship is cruising alone, and when he does not go according to time, someone wants to know the reason why. But as a rule, Jack runs well up to his programme time.

The officers' launch going ashore. Stephen Cribb.

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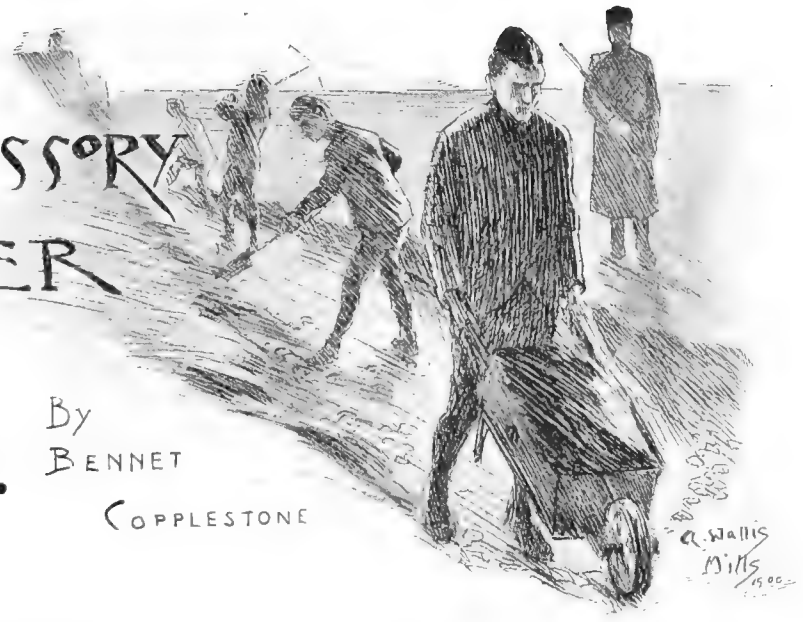
An Accessory After The Fact.

By Bennet Copplestone



Many years ago, when I was as yet a bachelor, I rented a little four-roomed cottage on the northern slopes of Dartmoor. My cottage was fitted into a niche in the hillside above the tiny river known as West Orry. Along the high road to Plymouth, which wound round the hill a hundred yards beneath me, was strewn the village of Oryton. Four pounds a year my residence cost me, and though I used it for less than four months out of the twelve, I did not reckon the rental as excessive. It was a good sound cottage, rain and wind proof, built of stone without and honest axe-hewn timbers within, and slated over all substantially. I lived in the kitchen, cooking my food in the wide open hearth, and slept in the other ground-floor room. The rest of the place was given up to baggage and rubbish.

In the second year of my tenancy, one morning early in June, this story began. It is a bold bad record of illegality, deliberate and unrepented of. I may be said to have taken off my coat and gone in heartily for crime. Even now a stern country might tear me from my unsuspecting family and cast me into prison—if the stern country thought it worth while.

The hour was a little after one o'clock and the morning dark. I had been fishing until late on the previous evening, and was sleeping like a sportsman, yet the creak of the raised sash was loud enough to waken me. When I was fully awake I heard the kitchen window, which had lost its balance weights, slam down

"Oh," I thought, "some one has got in or been guillotined."

I jumped up, lit a candle, pulled on some clothes, and looked about for a weapon. A geological hammer was lying on the mantelpiece. I was accustomed to use it scientifically to break coals.

Then I took the candlestick in my hand and opened the kitchen door. On the far side of the room against the wall a man was standing. As the light showed his figure, he jumped to the hearth and caught up a log of wood, my substitute for a poker.

"Keep still!" cried I sharply, presenting my spiked steel hammer. "Look at this."

I held up the candle in my left hand to make his movements clear to me.

"If you are set on fighting," I went on, "I must, unwillingly, oblige you. But you will probably get hurt."

He dashed down the piece of wood.

"What do you want me to do, mister?" he asked, roughly.

"Isn't the question rather, what do you want in my house?"

"It is pretty plain what I want," he answered, bitterly.

From the first second I had noted his dress, which was a quite unmistakable livery. I had seen men dressed like that in scores at Princetown

"If you want a meal——" I began.

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"I have eaten nothing for two days."

"Then get to that cupboard, in Heaven's name, and browse away. But first pull down the blinds."

He lowered the blinds, shutting out the view from a square mile of moorland, and went at the cupboard like a starving wolf. I used to treat myself well in respect of provisions, and the old lady from the village, who cleared up my place and did the messier parts of the cooking, kept me well furnished with the produce of her homestead. My visitor fell to cold ham, cold tongue, cold chicken, butter, honey, fresh bread and clotted cream, and after a fine miscellaneous feed lasting some fifteen minutes, looked up gasping.

"Ah," I said, interpreting the appeal. "Drinks? Cider, or whiskey?"

"Whiskey."

I showed him where the bottle stood, and fetched a demi-john of spring water from a corner of the room.

"I am sorry that I have no soda," I observed, politely.

"This is good enough for me," he gasped, filling a great tumbler with a surprisingly weak mixture of whiskey and water. "My thirst is worth a fiver to a free man."

The phrase, and the man's moderate use of spirit, astonished me, and while he drank I intently searched his face. Presently he had done. He was sitting at the table with the candle before him, and I was leaning against the wall a yard or two distant. Up to this point he had hardly looked at me, but now he turned his eyes full upon mine. As he surveyed my features I saw a great surprise spread over his face, and cover up every other expression.

"The deuce," he cried, "Isn't your name Copplestone?"

"It is."

"Had you not two brothers at Clifton? They must have been your brothers."

"I had."

"I remember them well," said the convict, quietly.

"What do you want me to do, mister?" he asked roughly.

It happens that in my family there is a most persistent type of head and face. Very few people are at all like us and we are exceedingly like one another.

"I suppose I do not look like an old friend of your brothers?" went on my visitor.

"To be candid, you do not," I said. "Will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"What is your name, and in what House were you at Clifton?"

"My name is Templemore. I was in the School House. So were your brothers. The elder one was Head of the School in 188—, and, of course, was also Captain of Football."

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There was no doubt left in my mind. The man's voice and manner had wholly changed; he spoke now like a gentleman, like a public school man, like a——

"Were you at Cambridge?" I asked suddenly.

"Yes, Peterhouse."

"How long have you been over there?" I inquired, indicating Dartmoor Prison.

"Three years. The sentence was five years."

"You were——"

"Guilty? Oh, yes. It was called manslaughter."

His candour pleased me. He might easily have pretended innocence, and I should not have believed him. His outspokenness showed character and intelligence.

"I am immensely grateful for the excellent meal, Mr. Copplestone," said my convict, "and I will only ask one more favour." He looked down at his clothes. "Any old things would serve my turn. Still, refuse if you think fit; do not let me get you into trouble."

"Templemore," I answered, deliberately, "I am not going to send you back to prison. What are your plans?"

"Plans? I have none."

"Then why in the name of insanity did you escape at all?"

"Because the opportunity was too good for a prisoner to resist. The day before yesterday I had no thought but to serve out my sentence, yet I made a bolt that same afternoon. A fog came down when my field gang was a mile from the prison, and while the officers scurried about getting us together, I was left by accident alone. I am a West countryman, Mr. Copplestone, a native of Totnes. I have fished every water on the Moor, and know every tor and valley. When I was left alone the free air of the moor got into my brain and set me running. I had noted the bearings of the prison a score of times and shaped my course to the north without a thought of difficulty. I got clear in the first dash by the purest luck, and after that trusted to my wits and my local knowledge."

"Meanwhile you were searched for to the west and south," I put in eagerly.

"I have not a doubt of it, Mr. Copplestone. That a prisoner should go north into a barren wilderness was outside the calculations of half-educated officials. Soon after my escape I picked up a feeder of the West Dart and followed it up to its head on the shoulder of Great Mis Tor. There among rocks as big as houses I passed the next day. Then at night I struck across to the lower end of Tavy Cleave, and came on past Hare Tor. I was looking round for a solitary cottage, from which to steal a meal and perhaps some clothes, when I chanced upon yours."

"And chance has not served you badly."

"It has served me very well, Mr. Copplestone, though your falling window nearly took my hands off. By the way, please do not think that I am anything but an amateur at burglary."

"I do not doubt it," I said smiling. "You made such a poor job of the present effort. Never mind the burglary. The pressing subject is yourself. You are a dozen miles from the prison, and clear away from present pursuit. Surely you must have thought out your next move."

"I tried to, but couldn't manage it."

"Have you no friends?"

"Not in England, at least."

"And, of course, no money?"

"Not one farthing."

"Then I plainly see that I must run this escape myself. My genius is nothing if not inventive."

"But consider the risk to yourself."

"My dear fellow, I have incurred the wrath of the Law already. I have fed you and I am going to clothe you. For these offences I could be punished, and I object to being punished. In order to save myself I am going to get you off altogether."

"You are most kind, Mr. Copplestone," said the convict. "But you cannot really get me clean away. No one has ever permanently escaped from Dartmoor Prison."

"Hasn't one? Then it is high time that we made a new record."

I looked at my watch.

"It is just two o'clock," I said, "the dawn will begin to show at three and by half-past it will be broad day. The people down in the village yonder are not usually about before five, but we cannot afford to run any risks. Come into my bedroom."

I was shocked to see my visitor stand erect at once and stiffly follow without a word. He had been broken to obedience until an order, though coming from one without authority, was a thing not to be questioned.

"Now, I said, pulling my bath into the centre of the room, "off with those clothes and have a tub. We are fortunately both of middle size. You will want shoes, socks, flannel trousers, cricket shirt, tie, Norfolk jacket, and cap. There they are. I give you these because accuracy of fit is not

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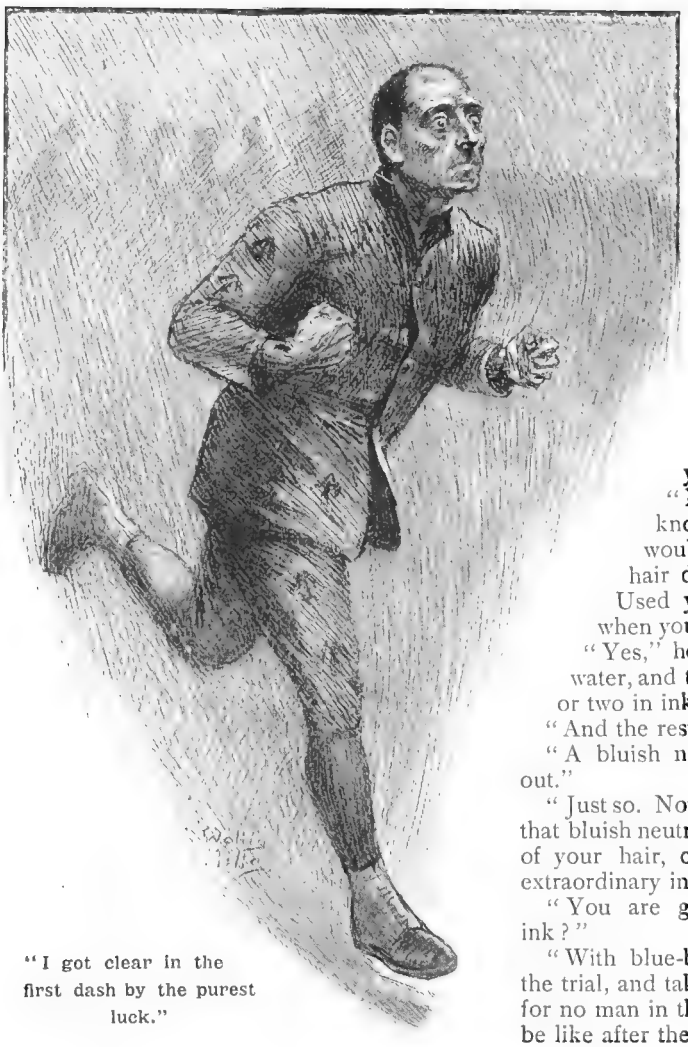

"I got clear in the first dash by the purest luck."

expected of them. Now I will find a spade and dig a grave at the bottom of my garden."

I went outside and opened a wide, shallow trench under a big hedge. The soil was too thin to allow of deep burial. When I had finished I returned for the convict's clothes, and covered them up with earth and spread rubbish over the spot.

"You are now a free man," said I, entering the bedroom; "the livery of servitude is buried. Now let me look at you."

The convict was no longer ferocious or ruffianly in aspect as he sat before me dressed in my easy clothes.

"It is lucky for you, Templemore," I remarked, "that you were put in Dartmoor instead of in Portland, and that the spring sun here spends most of his power on evaporating mist. You are not more sunburnt than I. Now in the rocky oven of Portland the prisoners are burned brick red by June, and raw umber by August. It is your hair, not your skin, which worries me."

"Which of its qualities—the colour or the shortness?"

"The shortness, of course. The colour matters little as I am going to change it."

He stared. "What! Have you——"

"No, of course not. I did not know that you were coming or I would have provided a stock of hair dye. But I have a substitute. Used you to stain your gut casts when you went fishing, Templemore?"

"Yes," he said, "I soaked them in water, and then dipped them for a minute or two in ink."

"And the result was?"

"A bluish neutral tint which never came out."

"Just so. Now I think that a combination of that bluish neutral tint with the reddish yellow of your hair, ought to produce an effect of extraordinary interest."

"You are going to dye my hair with ink?"

"With blue-black ink. Brace yourself to the trial, and take your last look in the glass, for no man in the world knows what you will be like after the experiment is completed."

I boiled a great quantity of water and thoroughly soaked Templemore's head. Then I partially dried his hair, and rubbed the ink in hard with a sponge. I treated his eyebrows and eyelashes, his cheeks and chin and upper lip, in the same way, and finally set him by the open window to dry. Dawn had come and the light penetrating the blinds helped me to inspect my work.

The convict's head, I say, was reddish-yellow by nature and I had dyed it with blue-black ink. Painters tell us that blue and yellow on being mixed together become green, and that blue and red produce purple. My patient's hair, therefore, had it respected the Canons of Art, ought to have become green or purple, or some colour compounded of the two. It did not. Under my hands it

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lost all acquaintance with any named colour, and settled down to the hue of wet mud. No result could have been more surprising or more satisfactory. Templemore was disguised perfectly, and what was even more important, his appearance was in no way remarkable. There are a great number of persons whose hair is of the hue of wet mud. I ordered him to shave, but bade him spare the bristles on his upper lip.

When the whole series of operations was over he hardly knew himself. It was with difficulty that I drew him from the absorbing inspection of his new identity, and put before him the rest of my plans.

"You must be my guest for the present," I said, "but it will not do for you to remain in the cottage just now. I must prepare my old lady—that is to say, the whole village—for your arrival. Do you know the Rattle Brook, beyond Links Tor?"

"Yes."

"Good. Here is a spare rod and winch, and see—I will put you up a few casts and flies in this envelope. You can have my fishing-basket and we will fill it with provisions and whiskey and tobacco. Now be off. Go to the Rattle Brook and fish or sleep all day. Do not slink about or hide. Walk boldly, for you are no longer Templemore, a convict; you are Mr. Harcourt, my maternal cousin."

"Is it really safe?" he asked, nervously.

"I am staking my liberty on it," answered I gravely. "The valley of the Rattle Brook is the most abandoned waste in this whole desolate moorland. It is a maze of green mushy bogs and black peat, cut through by a coffee-coloured stream. Go there with confidence, and in the afternoon be somewhere towards the upper end below the old peat works. I will meet you there, and we will return together."

He went away, walking out into the full light of a clear June morning. As I watched him go I noticed with sadness how the springy self-confident step of an English gentleman had been dulled by toil and captivity, and become a slouch.

I spent a few minutes in putting my place in order, and in removing all traces of the recent digging. Then I took to my bed and slept until heavy blows at the door called me to breakfast.

When one wishes to conceal anything it is well to put on an air of candour. My old lady was much gratified by my communicativeness. I told her of my cousin's expected visit, and of his precise relationship to myself. I mentioned that he would probably walk over from Chagford, and offered small comments upon his birth and appearance.

After breakfast I travelled a few miles by train to Okehampton—for I was unwilling to trust to the secrecy of the village telegraph clerk, and sent a message to my mother in Exeter, asking for a portmanteau filled with clothes to be forwarded to me by rail that evening. It would not do at all for my visitor to arrive without luggage.

My subtle preparations were all made by the afternoon and I was able to set out for the Rattle Brook to find Templemore and bring him home. When I came upon him

I covered up the ugly things with earth, and spread rubbish over the spot.

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he was casting a very pretty line, and I was not surprised to learn that his basket was heavy with fish. He had seen no one all day, and our complete success so far—assisted by a dozen hours in the open air quit of hiding—had wiped some of the prison brand off him.

I reported proceedings and he laughed quite heartily.

"Upon my word, Mr. Copplestone," he said, "one would think that assisting criminals to escape was part of your profession. You provide for everything. You really are an amazingly business-like accessory."

"I believe I am," I returned. "I feel that Nature must have designed me for an outlaw, for I find this grossly illegal conspiracy hugely entertaining. By the way, you must call me plain Copplestone, since you are my cousin on the mother's side. Your name is Harcourt, and your mother, who had the unhappiness to die shortly after your birth, was my father's only sister. Although you are older than I—you are not in fact, but look it—we were brought up together, and I am much attached to you in spite of your surly ways. You resemble your father's family, who, generations ago, were French Harcourts, and follow their habit of wearing ridiculously short hair."

"What is all this?"

At the station I placed nearly £40 in his hand.

"This is your authentic biography, which the eager village is at this moment discussing over its tea and beer."

We did not reach my cottage till late, and by that time the portmanteau had arrived. My old lady was waiting for us, and she was so good as to welcome my convict graciously. I could see from her slow, careful speech that in her mind he was a foreigner, with an imperfect knowledge of English. We had a long conversation that night, in the course of which Templemore said:

"My brother would stand by me, I am sure, but unluckily he is in India. He wrote most kindly to me after my conviction, and promised to set me on my legs again when my term should be up. He is a Deputy Commissioner, and a man of wealth. If I could get out to India——"

"No," I said, "we cannot manage that just now. I have not enough to pay your passage."

"Mr. Copplestone," retorted he, flushing, "I did not intend to ask for your money."

"No, of course not. I simply stated a fact. The same fact will prevent you from making for London. We must shape our plans to the facts. I can keep you here for practically nothing, but I could not afford to support you in the humblest fashion in town. And I will not send you away penniless."

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"Then what can I do? Will it ease you if I give myself up?"

"Harcourt!" I cried sternly, "You are my guest, and are under my orders." You cannot go to India, and I shall not allow you to go to London. What remains? Clearly to bring India into touch with us. You will write, and I will write, to your brother in India, and we will catch the next mail. And while we are waiting for an answer you will stay here with me."

He made an effort to resist—afraid, I am convinced, for my safety more than for his own—but he could not bear up against my will. And before we slept that night it was determined that he should brave recapture as my guest.

If it were my good fortune to be writing fiction, instead rather tediously of recounting actual events, I could make this narrative immeasurably more interesting. Unhappily the facts are against me. From the night on which I dressed Templemore in my own clothes, dyed his hair with ink, and adopted him as my maternal cousin, he was not for a moment in danger. Templemore was, no doubt, eagerly hunted for in the regions favoured by the hunters, but Mr. Harcourt, the law-abiding sportsman and cousin to the recluse of Oryton, knew little of the chase.

During the eight weeks of my cousin Harcourt's visit our sole real trouble was his hair. Having begun with ink we were obliged to go on with it, and the burden of the daily dyeing was almost more than I could bear. His hair grew like grass in May, so fast that I sometimes lay awake through fear of a morning as well as an evening shampoo.

I grew to like Templemore, and as I saw him grow morally and physically in the fresh air of freedom, I never repented of my share in his liberty. Yet the relief which I felt on seeing one evening a letter with an Indian postmark, showed how the intolerable burden of dyeing had stretched my healthy nerves.

The envelope, which was addressed to me, held letters for us both.

Mine ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—You are unknown to me, and my bewildered ignorance of the motives for your extraordinary conduct makes you in every sense a stranger. Nevertheless I am profoundly grateful for the incredible services which you have rendered my poor brother. If he had taken my advice he would have completed his sentence in patience, but as he chanced to escape I cannot be too thankful that he was spared the ignominy of recapture. From what you and he have written of your remarkable proceedings I do not doubt that my brother is still at liberty, and I am acting now on that assumption. Enclosed please find a First of Exchange on the London Agents of the Bank of Bengal for £100, drawn in your favour. Kindly oblige me by getting it cashed and by despatching my unhappy brother to India at once, I will make myself responsible for his future. You will, I think, consult my brother's self-respect by accepting the expenses to which he has reluctantly put you.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN TEMPLEMORE.

Templemore did not show me his letter, but as he read it he muttered hoarsely, "My brother is a thundering good fellow."

I tossed him my note and the draft, and said: "We will go to town to-morrow, get some clothes, and dismiss you."

He was very quiet until a late hour that night—I did not dye him—when he suddenly became agitated and said: "Copplestone, I can't express half what I feel."

"Then don't express it at all," said I.

He held out his hand, which I shook heartily, and so ended all foolish talk of gratitude.

"There is one thing I must refer to," observed he. "My brother is right; you must let me return your out-of-pocket expenses."

"Certainly, if you wish." I pulled out a note-book, consulted it, and made a show of calculating deeply.

"You owe me exactly £2 16s.," I said.

"Rot!" cried he.

"It is irresistible arithmetic, my cousin. During your visit my weekly bills have increased by seven shillings, the result of expenditure on extra food. If you multiply seven shillings by eight weeks, you will get the precise sum I have named. Give me that, and pay, if you like, my fare to town, and we shall be quit of obligations on either side."

It was my humour to remain in charge of Templemore until the last. I took him to town, cashed the draft, expended £20 on a sufficient outfit, and purchased for him a passage to Bombay by one of the Clan Line boats. Then, his hair being once more cut very short, I saw him off for Liverpool. At the station I placed nearly £40 in his hands.

"What is this?" cried he.

"The change. And this is the statement of account which please show to your brother."

"You absurd creature!"

"Not at all," I said. "If Nature against my wishes made me a vagabond, let me at least try to make myself a man of business."

So he went away, and when I next heard fo him he was enjoying a mysterious and well-paid post under a gold-mining company in Mysore.

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A Scene from Racine's tragedy of "Athalie."

From an original drawing by Her Majesty the Queen.

THE QUEEN AND HER FAMILY AS ARTISTS.

By Margaret Collinson.

Though the members of our Royal Family have all received the most careful and elaborate of educations, none of them, with the possible exception of the Princess Louise, has displayed a peculiarly striking gift in any art or science, and no doubt this is for the best, especially with regard to those who have been called upon to fill the highest positions. A reigning prince, I think, and particularly an English reigning prince, should be more or less in touch with all arts and sciences, yet pre-eminent in none. The great majority of English people, and above all the middle and lower classes, would certainly look with suspicion on a prince who, let us say, wrote poetry. Such a gift would be contrary to all precedence, and we, as a nation, however radical and progressive we may call ourselves, are really thoroughly conservative at heart, and as our Princes, from time immemorial, have been princes and nothing else; anyone who breaks this rule to become a prince, *plus* a poet or a renowned artist, would certainly not receive much credit at our hands.

And yet a great many of the Royal Family have shown artistic and literary gifts in a minor way; have etched and written as

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amateurs and for their own private amusement. Celebrated among these is the Queen's grandson, the Emperor of Germany. It would be difficult to name any science or art that His Majesty has not tried his hand at. He delights in chemical experiments and photography; he is continually drawing plans for new and improved battleships; he is an artist of no small power, as his picture, "The Yellow Peril," conclusively proves, and his talents as an orator and a poet are quite considerable. It is needless to expatiate on his oratorical gifts; all who have read the daily papers have read the Kaiser's speeches. As regards his rhyme, a little tale I recently heard may prove of interest.

After a day of hunting, the Kaiser and various gentlemen of the Court sat down to dinner in a small forest inn. Dinner over, the Kaiser struck a plate with his knife to enjoin silence, and then produced a manuscript and read out a long poem on some episode in German history—the battle of Sedan, perhaps, or a rhymed version of his grandfather's war dispatches. Needless to say, it was received with rapture, and the Kaiser was hailed as one of Germany's greatest bards. Some day, let us hope, the Imperial Poet may be tempted to publish his collected works.

Our own Queen published, now many years ago, two books illustrated by herself, and has done, moreover, many paintings and etchings which never have been, and in all probability, never will be published. Two of the latter, however, we have been fortunate enough to secure, and together with a really charming drawing by the Princess Royal, that is, the Empress Frederick of Germany, they form the illustrations to the present article. Though the Queen attempts landscape and figure painting, her favourite subjects are animals, and her favourite English artist is the greatest of all animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer. The portraits of her various pets, though little known to the general public, have delighted those who have had the privilege of seeing them. Of the two etchings given here, the larger one shows a group from some private theatricals which took place at Windsor. It is a scene from Racine's tragedy of "Athalie," and I think everyone will admit that, although there is a certain laboured stiffness in the pose of most of the figures, the picture as a whole, shows no small talent. The drapery of the figure standing in the left corner is very skilfully done, and the two little children kneeling at the throne, are both graceful and pretty.

Drawn by the Queen.

Three pictures of Prince Arthur (now Duke of Connaught). "Out Walking"; "On Parade"; and "At Home."

Several of the Queen's children were used as models for the characters. The central figure of Joas upon the throne, for instance, was Prince Arthur, now Duke of Coburg. Little Zacharie kneeling to the left of the throne was Princess Louise. Of the group on the right, Abner, shown with a helmet upon his head, was the Prince of Wales, and the other two characters, Agar and Athalie, were Princess Helena and the Princess Royal, respectively. On the left of the picture, Joad, wearing a turban-like head-dress, was Princess Alice.

The other drawing, consists of three separate portraits of the Duke of Connaught, as he appeared in 1853. The one shows him in military uniform and a great busby, the

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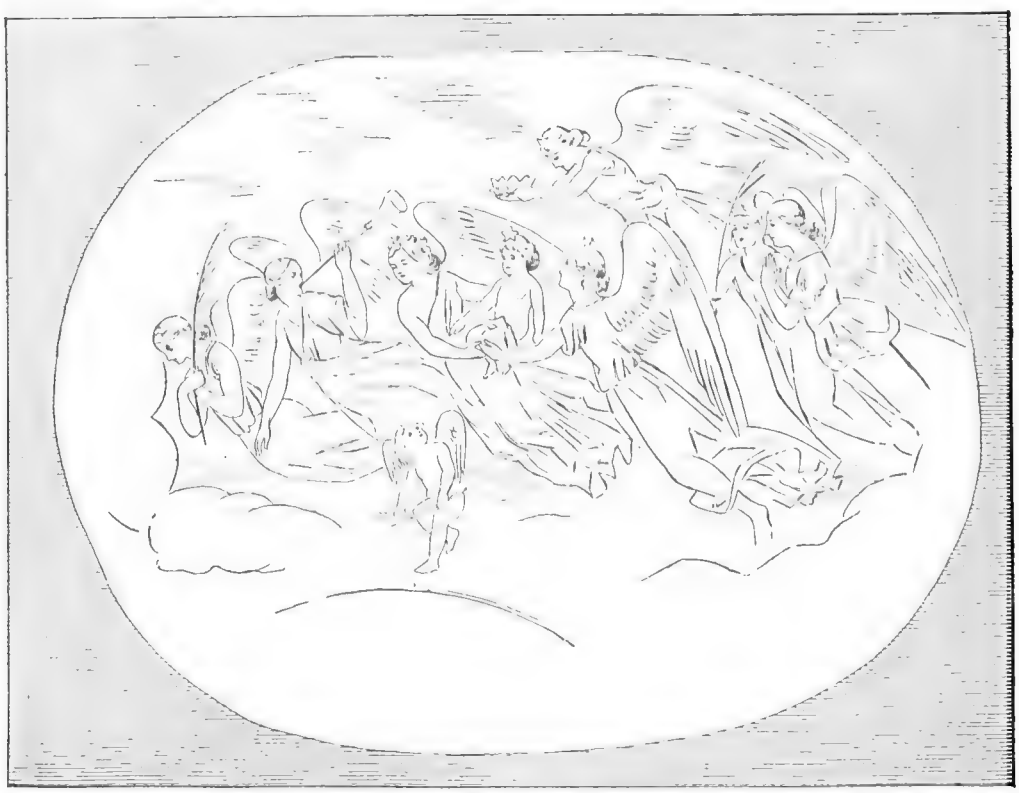
other two in walking costume and indoor costume respectively. It is said that the Queen has done many such portraits of her children, but most of these are to be seen only by members of the family, and I hardly think that the outside public will ever get a sight of them.

The delicate little etching by the Empress Frederick, a reproduction of which accompanies this article, though in a very unfinished state, shows a quite unusual gift for drawing. The picture is supposed to symbolise the advent of the New Year. The New Year, a baby with a star on its forehead, is being borne earthwards by a band of angels. One angel holds a crown over its head, and one is blowing a trumpet to announce its approach. There is a lightness of touch, an easy suggestion of movement, and a delicacy of outline in this little drawing which seems to me to indicate the hand of a true artist in embryo. The picture was drawn in December, 1854, the year of the Crimean War.

Of all the members of the Royal Family Princess Louise is, without a doubt, the most gifted artist. Those who have had the privilege of seeing her paintings declare that they show a great deal more talent than the works of many a well-known painter who hangs his canvasses year after year on the walls of the Royal Academy. But the Princess has tried her hand at even more ambitious work than painting, as the statue of the Queen in front of Kensington Palace attests.

One may say that photography has risen within the last five years or so from a mere craft to a fine art; not only long and strenuous practice, but an inborn artistic temperament are necessary to the making of a good modern photographer. Of the English Royal Family, the Duke of York and the Princess of Wales are devotees of this newest art. The Princess's photographs are said to possess no ordinary merit. She has taken nearly all the members of her family singly and in groups, and when shortly after the relief of Ladysmith, the Queen visited London, and the enthusiastic crowd gathered outside Buckingham Palace, the Princess came on the balcony with her camera and took a photograph of those thousands of upturned faces.



This drawing of angels was by the Princess Royal (Empress Frederick of Germany), and was executed in December, 1854.

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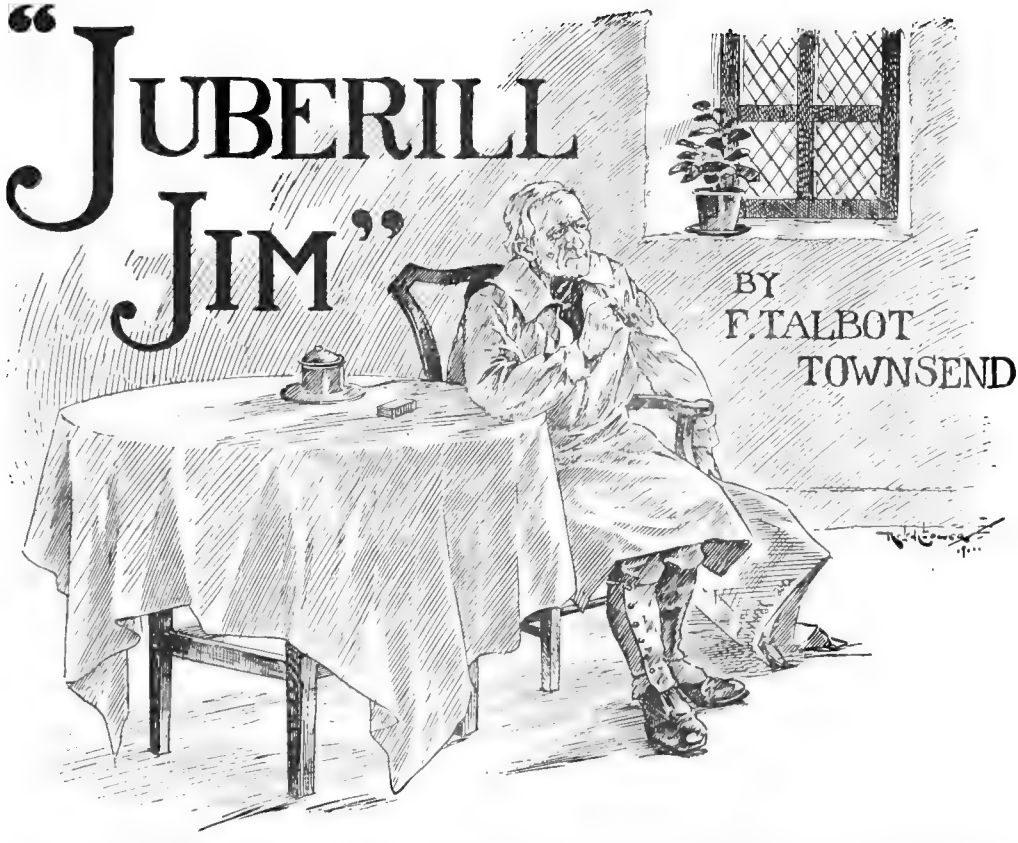
"Juberill Jim"

BY F. TALBOT TOWNSEND



"Juberill Jim" was what they called him in the little Yorkshire village where he was dragging out the pitiful remnant of his clouded life. It was the sinister memory of Majuba Hill which had earned him the name, and which cast such a mournful shadow across the closing pages of his life story. And as the sun, at the evening hour, lengthened and thickened the shadow of the fatal hill itself across the darkening veldt, so too, as the months passed on in monotonous sameness, did the shadow of that 27th of February, eighteen years ago, lengthen and thicken till "Juberill Jim's" dulled brain contained no other thought. He was not old in point of time even now, but the wound he had received as he fled from the victorious Boers down that corpse-strewn slope, the exposure as he lay through the chilly fog of the succeeding night, the subsequent fever, and, worse to his sensitive spirit than all else, the ever-present sense of defeat and disgrace—the fact that he, a soldier of the Queen, had *run away*, this had eaten into his heart, and dwelt there "like a worm i' the bud." It was his "fixed idea," and it would long ago have led him to the asylum or the grave but for one upholding thought—the thought that, some day, the time might come when he should hear that that dark blot upon his beloved country and his still more beloved "rij'ment" had been wiped out.

"If I could only be in at it when it *does* come off, then I'd die happier; but—" and he would sadly shake his prematurely-whitened head as he glanced at his useless limbs, for his wound—in the back—had left him partly paralysed.

"But there's Tom; *he'll* be there, happen; Tom, who was born that very day of Majuba—*he* can take my place, and he'll not run away like his father did. Yes, I ran—we all ran—ran and hid like rabbits. Some folk says it was not our fault, and that we were badly led—poor Colley, he was a gentleman, though—and that it was only a small affair—a skirmish, in fact, and that a lot too much was made of it. Happen so, happen so, but we were British soldiers, and—we ran! we ran! But Tom'll not run, not he! He'll fight to win or die. I've made him promise me that every day ever since he could toddle, and he's said it in his prayers every night, too. Ah! he's a good son, he is. He's in the

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Fusiliers, you know, and they'll be there, I'm told, when the time comes."

Thus he would confide to the bees and the flowers, as he sat in his invalid chair, which the long-suffering wife wheeled out into the sunshine of the little garden. He could talk to them of his innermost thoughts and longings, and they would not get tired of the threadbare theme, like his poor old "missus" and the neighbours who came to see him sometimes.

And now, at last, a great joy had come to him. Britain was again at war with the Transvaal. With the rights or the wrongs of it he had no concern. The capitalists *might* be at the bottom of it, as old John Draper, the local preacher, had told him; or perhaps Chamberlain *had* forced it on to Kruger, as the local paper said; or it *might* be a "holy war," to give those Uitlanders their rights, as the young doctor who attended him occasionally had been careful to explain. They all might be right or wrong for all he knew or cared. There were no Uitlanders and no gold mines when he was in the Transvaal, and he didn't see what the capitalists had to do with war (poor simpleton!) but he knew that at last his daily dream and nightly vision—the vindication of the national honour—might come true, and he was satisfied with that.

"If I can only live till the first fight, and know that we've licked 'em just once, whatever comes after—that's all I want—that, and to know that Tom was there to take my place—that'll be the next best thing to being there myself. Ah, if only *that* could be!"

II.

As the morning light grew stronger, and the rays of the African sun began to slant across the field of Glencoe, Tom, the son of "Juberill Jim," found himself in the front rank of his regiment, all of them impatient, but none more so than he, to get to close quarters with the enemy, who were raining down bullets and shells from the heights of Talana Hill.

The moment had come at last when Briton and Boer were once more face to face, and in all that mass of khaki-covered fighters there was one dominant thought, one memory—the memory of Majuba Hill, and the fierce desire to retrieve the disaster of that black Sunday, and to show the boastful victors of that fatal day the true quality of the despised rooinek.

At last came the welcome order that the enemy were to be dislodged from their position on the hill, and a sigh of deep satisfaction swept through the ranks as the word was passed to advance in skirmishing order under cover of the artillery fire. Satisfaction too, not at the thought of revenge, but that the time had come to remove a wrong impression.

Tom's heart beat quickly, and his breath came short with excitement as they covered the long stretch of open ground to the foot of the hill. And now the real work began.

Dodging from boulder to bush, and from bush to boulder, making good use of every bit of shelter, the bullets from the Mausers and the Maxims whistling and pattering all around—too many, alas! finding a human billet—Tom and his comrades slowly worked their way up the steep and toilsome ascent.

Suddenly, as Tom made a dash across a bit of unprotected ground, his eyes caught sight of a figure, but dimly seen through the mist which had developed as the morning wore on, far away up the hillside. The man, whoever he might be, appeared to have sprung out of the ground, for Tom had certainly not seen him in the valley below.

"Who's the chap up in front there?" he asked of his neighbour, as they paused behind a boulder for the next rush.

"Which d'yer mean?" grunted the man, after a careful glance upward.

"Why, that one—there, see—in a red tunic and white helmet!"

His companion grinned. "Garn away, yer've got the jumps! There ain't nobody wiv a red toonic. Why, there's hardly a red coat in the whole brigade, and precious few white helmets. We're all khaki. Yer must be off yer dot!"

Tom said no more, but as he left the boulder and looked up once more, he saw he was not mistaken. The man was still there, his red coat and white helmet making a conspicuous mark for the bullets of the Boers. A brave man, too, he was, for he stood upright, disdaining all shelter, and beckoned on the British with encouraging gestures. Tom made up his mind to try and overtake him and solve the riddle for himself. It angered him to think this man might be the first to reach the enemy's lines. It was an honour he had hoped for himself. But do all he knew, risking and exposing himself almost as recklessly as the unknown, the latter still kept far ahead.

At last, after a brief rest to regain breath, the final rush was made. With set teeth, or with hoarse battle cries, the gallant fellows swept up the last steep of the hill. The

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A brave man he was, for he stood upright, disdaining shelter, and beckoned on the British with encouraging gestures.

bullets came thicker and thicker, and men dropped fast indeed during that last mad race, some to lie motionless for ever, others to roll in agony down the hillside.

Keeping his eye on that red coat in front, Tom dashed onward, and though the very air seemed to be alive with the murderous hail of death, so far he had escaped serious hurt. Once indeed, a bullet struck the stock of his Lee-Metford, and another whistled through his helmet, and then, although he knew it not, one pierced his shoulder and lodged in the brain of the man behind him. As for the redcoated soldier, he appeared to bear a

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charmed life. And now the ridge was gained, and the fight became almost hand to hand. It was a wild melée. Every man acted as he thought best, and shot, and charged, and stabbed as seemed expedient. It was glorious! It was horrible!

Into the thickest of the fray Tom followed that red tunic. He had an eerie feeling that as long as he could keep that figure in sight, he was invulnerable. And all the time he shouted into the bearded faces that gibbered and cursed at him, the single word "Majuba! Majuba!"

Soon, above the shouts and groans, the prayers and curses, in English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, and German, arose the sweet music of triumphant cheering. The enemy were giving way. Another moment and they turned and fled, some firing wildly back as they ran; others throwing down their rifles and begging for mercy; some treacherously shooting those who spared them; others, in their ignorant fear, holding out money and watches to their victors. Talana Hill was won!

For a moment Tom had lost sight of the red jacket, but now he saw it again, its wearer standing, with folded arms, not twenty yards off, watching, with triumphant mien, the vanquished Boers, as they scuttled down the far side of the hill, pursued by the British. And as Tom gazed at the figure, a curious sense of awe stole over him, for now he recognised that coat and helmet. Both were of the ancient type worn by our soldiers at the time of Majuba. Tom had last seen them carefully stowed away in the old oak chest at home, and they belonged to a paralysed, white-haired man whom he had left months before, sitting out amongst the roses in a little village garden in England. And as the familiar form turned slowly round towards him, and he saw the smile of content and happiness which illumined the dearly-loved face, hitherto so lined with grief, he fell upon his knees, and, burying his face in his hands, he cried aloud:

"FATHER!"

And when he looked up again the figure of "Juberill Jim" was gone.

III.

"So poor old 'Majuba Hill Jim' is dead," remarked John Draper, the local preacher, as he met the young doctor in the village street. "When did he die, doctor?"

"Yesterday morning," replied the young medico.

"Ah! then he never heard the good news—for it *is* good news even to me, who, although I am a man of peace myself and strongly deprecate the idea of fighting in what may or may not be an ungodly cause, can still appreciate our soldiers' bravery, and Jim's delight, had he lived to know of it. How did he die?"

"Well, it's rather a strange case, and it has puzzled me not a little. It seems he must have got out of bed in the early morning—a thing he had not done without help for many a year—dressed himself in his old regimentals, and then, without disturbing his wife, he went downstairs unaided—another miracle—and found his way into the garden. There she found him lying dead, when at last she missed him and went to look for him. Syncope—er—failure of the heart, you know."

"And how long had he been dead?"

"Well, it is difficult to say precisely, but from my examination I came to the conclusion that, allowing for the difference in time between here and South Africa, he died just when our troops were beginning the toilsome ascent of Talana Hill. Rather curious that he should die at the moment his long-cherished wish was being gratified, was it not?"

"A truly remarkable coincidence," agreed the local preacher, thoughtfully. Then he added, after a pause, "Perhaps, after all, he knew about the victory before we did!"

Photo by London Stereos. Co.

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Tommy Atkins at Play.

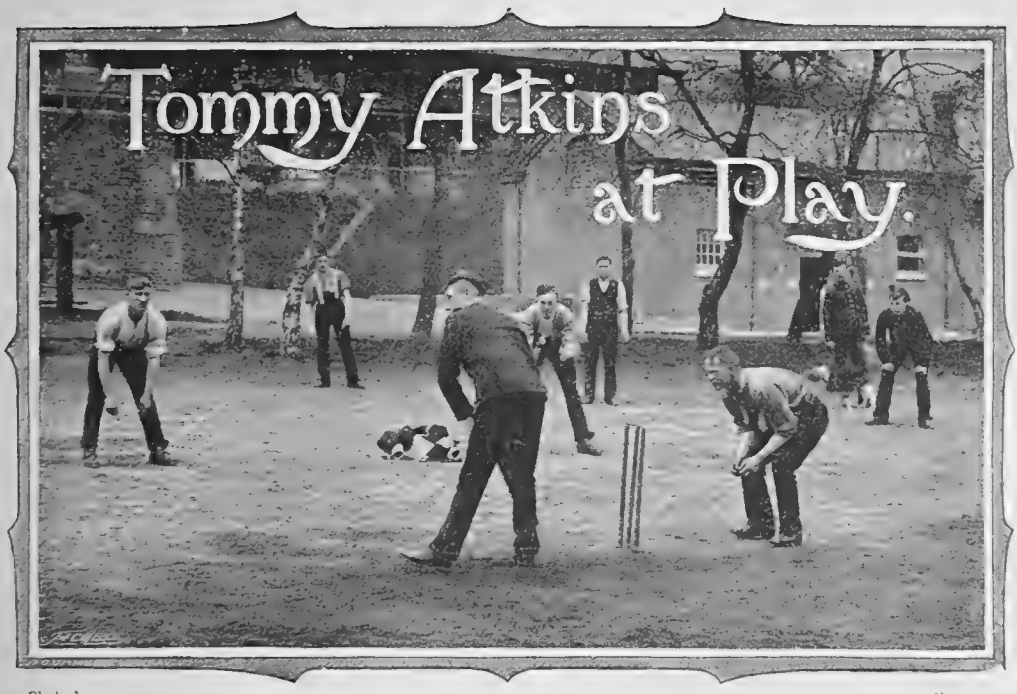

Photo by Gregory.

By Hector Grainger.

Perhaps it is when we see Tommy Atkins at play that we best realise how very minute is the difference between him and other men; how his capacity for enjoyment is as eager and fully developed as that of an overgrown schoolboy; how little, after all, discipline, drill, and the fine idea that the country depends on him for its safety, has altered his nature. No doubt when you see him parading the streets, spick and span in his red coat and spotless trousers, he looks as though he admired himself and fully appreciated the respectful admiration and envy of the passers by.

I think, perhaps, Tommy Atkins' favourite game is football, this being certainly the most forcible out-of-door amusement, and one in which a man may work off any amount of superfluous energy. The present writer remembers well watching many a furiously-contended match on the fine open parade ground of St. Martin's, in Guernsey. The soldiers generally played among themselves, but every now and again there was a match against a picked team of islanders. I never saw men enjoy themselves more thoroughly, but I must say I often felt grateful for being a mere onlooker. Football is always a rough game, but when you have to contend with a team of excited soldiers it

Photo by Gregory.

A quiet game of chess.

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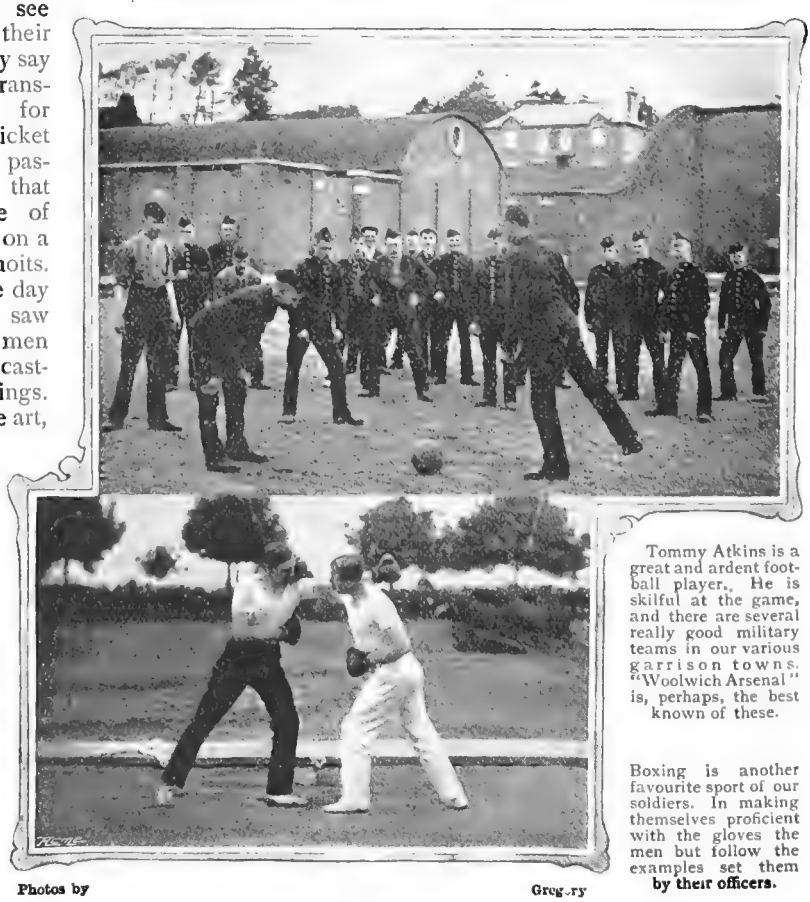
Photo by Gregory.
This is the recreation in which many "Tommies" indulge during the arduous season of manœuvres.

member how the champion boxer of the army, Private St. John, died fighting bravely under Lord Methuen at Belmont. Nearly every illustrated journal gave a portrait of the man, and this, if nothing else, proves conclusively that boxing is still regarded in England as a noble art, and a champion boxer as a great man.

In time of military manœuvres and warfare you must not run away with the idea that amusement is entirely neglected. We all remember what gallant matches were played by the indomitable defenders of

becomes a regular combat. Cricket, it goes without saying, is also a very popular pastime, and when not engaged in an important match, soldiers may be seen continually practising or knocking about the ball, just as you see schoolboys do in their playgrounds. They say that on board the transport ships bound for South Africa cricket formed a regular pastime—cricket, and that immemorial game of passengers bound on a long voyage — quoits. Not an hour of the day passed but you saw small groups of men deeply engrossed in casting the small iron rings.

Boxing is a noble art, and one every Englishman should be proficient in. Tommy Atkins, at any rate, is both a good Englishman and a good boxer. Every year there is a grand boxing competition, in which any soldier in the British army may take part, and no pastime is more popular with the men. We all re-



Tommy Atkins is a great and ardent football player. He is skilful at the game, and there are several really good military teams in our various garrison towns. "Woolwich Arsenal" is, perhaps, the best known of these.

Boxing is another favourite sport of our soldiers. In making themselves proficient with the gloves the men but follow the examples set them by their officers.

Photos by Gregory

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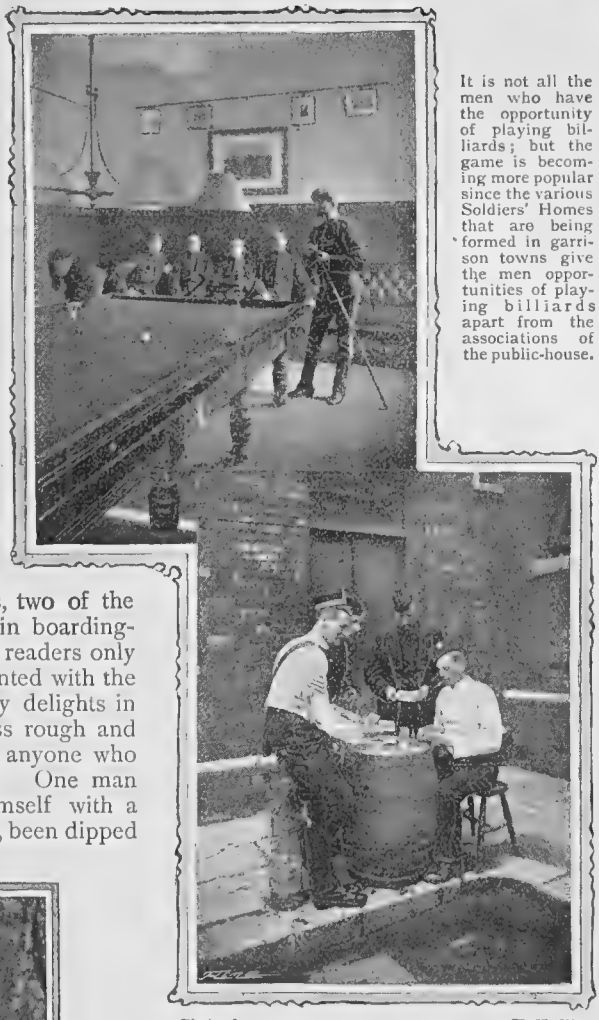
Ladysmith—matches held under the personal supervision of Sir George White, and frequently interrupted by the fall of a hostile shell. The Boers and their wives will certainly never forget how the British prisoners at Pretoria seemed entirely oblivious of their position and surrounding when they got permission to indulge in a game of football on the race-course in front of their prison. The dour old farmers are surely the least likely of all people in the world to understand so abstract an enthusiasm as that for the mere kicking about of an inflated ball.

At military manœuvres, after the work of the day is over, or on days when nothing particular is doing, the thoughts of Tommy Atkins turn at once to some sport or other, and wonderful are the games that take place on these occasions. Cock-fighting and mop-tilting are, perhaps, two of the most popular. You that have lived in boarding-schools—of course, I address my male readers only—are, no doubt, rather bitterly acquainted with the gentle sport of cock-fighting. Tommy delights in it, however, and mop-tilting, a no less rough and tumble amusement, may be seen by anyone who follows a camp during manœuvres. One man mounts on another's back, arms himself with a mop, the head of which has, generally, been dipped in soot, and then charges his opponent similarly mounted and armed. They thrust at each other till one is overturned, so that you will perceive that the game is, after all, nothing very original, but simply a rather grotesque parody of those grand old tournaments of the middle ages.



It is not all the men who have the opportunity of playing billiards; but the game is becoming more popular since the various Soldiers' Homes that are being formed in garrison towns give the men opportunities of playing billiards apart from the associations of the public-house.

Photos by H. N. King.

Of course, card games are still an easy first amongst the recreations in which Tommy Atkins indulges. An upturned water-tub often forms a useful card-table.

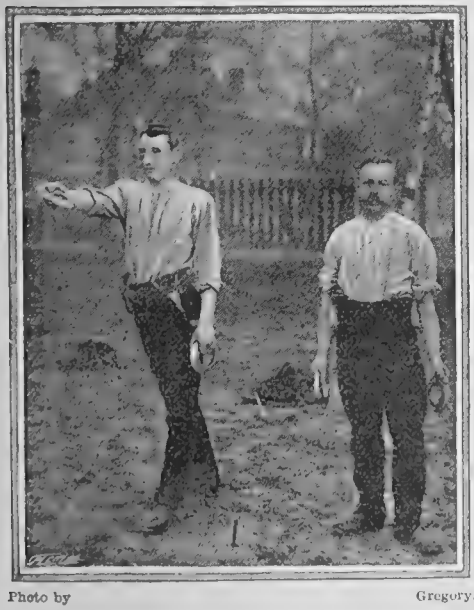


Photo by Gregory.

Some soldiers take a keen interest in quoits.

Of course, out-of-door games are generally more popular with the soldier than quiet sedentary ones indoors. However, there are not a few men in the army, and these, curiously enough, on the daily increase, who take kindly to such amusements as chess, billiards, nap, drafts, halma, and other serious, inoffensive games of this description.

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At Netley Hospital the wounded men from South Africa receive welcome visits from their friends and relatives. Here is a gallant trooper chatting with his mother in the grounds.

Photos by Gregory.

Many of the convalescent soldiers spend their time usefully in crocheting as they sit about in the grounds smoking and yarning.

A very interesting photograph is that of a group of convalescent soldiers in the grounds of Netley Hospital. Notice how one of them is amusing himself. He seems to be crocheting a shawl—a form of amusement more applicable, one would imagine, to a sailor than to a soldier.

With the exception of nap, drafts and chess are Tommy's favourite indoor games, as they must be with everybody who cares for a game, the playing of which necessitates a little patience and ingenuity. Indeed, chess has always been a favourite soldier's game; they say that the great Marlborough, the Duke of Wellington, Napoleon, Blücher, and others, were passionately fond of it.

But when all is said and done, the soldier, like every other man, finds his pleasantest hours of recreation with his family, and we give two charming photographs which show him as a father and a son. In the latter, which was taken in the grounds outside Netley Hospital, Tommy is evidently recovering from a severe illness, and his mother has come to spend an hour or two with him, and to read him all the latest news.

The British soldier owes an immense debt of gratitude to Lord Roberts. In battle he has invariably led his men to victory, and in times of peace he has been largely instrumental in improving the life in camp and barracks. The temperance movement was set going mainly by Lord Roberts, and it is due solely to him that nearly every barracks in the United Kingdom possesses a reading-room where Tommy Atkins can read, write letters, and play those quiet indoor games which, as I have said before, are becoming more and more popular.

Photo by Gregory.

"I wish I could be a soldier like you, daddy!" The married men invariably prefer the company of their children as the best of all recreation.

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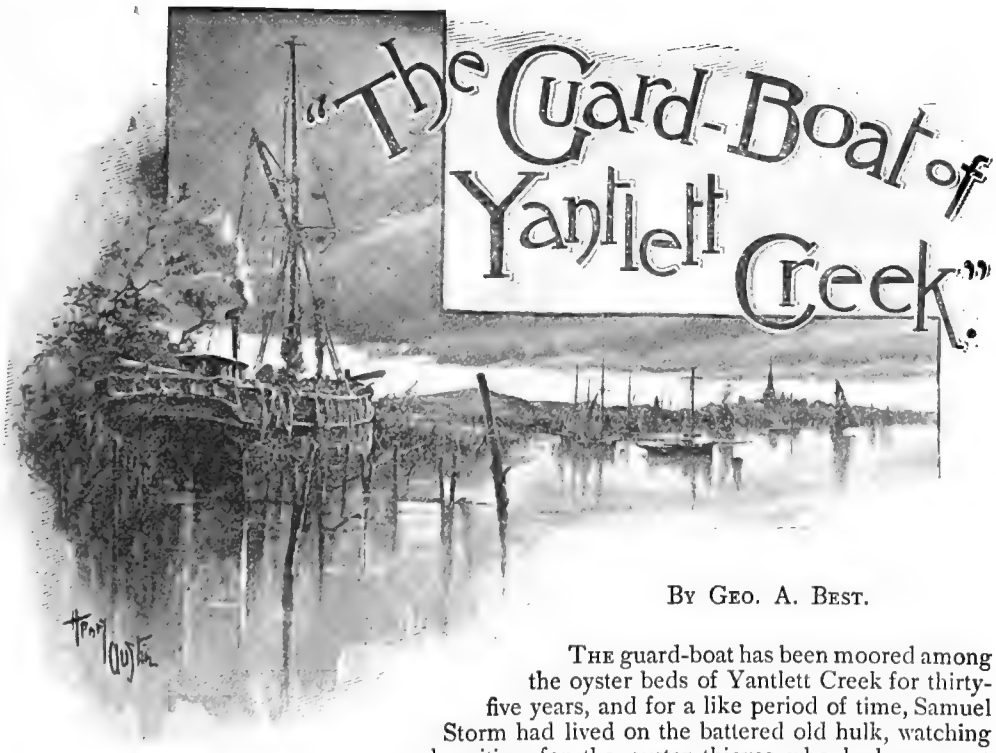

"The Guard-Boat of Yantlett Creek."

By Geo. A. Best.

The guard-boat has been moored among the oyster beds of Yantlett Creek for thirty-five years, and for a like period of time, Samuel Storm had lived on the battered old hulk, watching and waiting for the oyster thieves who had never yet appeared on Yantlett waters.

Storm was placed in charge of the guard-boat in the year 1835. He was then forty-eight years of age—a naval reserve man who had fought under Nelson's flag at Trafalgar, and as fine a specimen of an old-time salt as could be found in the country.

In the earlier months of the same year Storm's wife had died of cholera, and a few weeks later his only son was sentenced to a lengthy term of imprisonment as the acknowledged leader of a band of smugglers who had long eluded the vigilance of the local preventive service. These dual calamities were mainly responsible for Samuel Storm's acceptance of the complete guardianship of the oyster beds of Yantlett. And during the whole of his incredibly long and unnecessary rigorous vigil the old salt had never once set foot on the quay of his native village, which lay a mile or so to the west of the guard-boat.

Storm's weekly supply of provisions and tobacco was regularly landed on the hulk by the local storekeeper; and on the first day of each month the dinghy of the elaborately appointed yatch owned by Jabez Powerscroft, the millionaire oyster farmer, was rowed alongside the guard-boat by one of the yachting hands, and a small sum of money placed in the rough hand held out to receive it. From these two visitors, supplemented by an occasional word or two from the lips of oystermen and smack owners, came the only information respecting the dreary and monotonous life of Samuel Storm.

And as the years rolled by many changes occurred in the quiet village of Yantlett. The storekeeper died and was succeeded by his son; the village church was destroyed by fire; Samuel Storm the younger was released from prison, and the hamlet itself gradually changed in aspect as the older buildings disappeared, one by one, to give place to newly-erected boarding-houses and residential bungalows.

But the oyster beds still remained to give employment to a new generation of dredgers, and the old guard-boat yet strained fitfully at her anchor-chains with the ebb and flow of each succeeding tide.

On the first day of October, 1870, the *Cleopatra's* dinghy made her usual trip, and Samuel Storm stood in the bows of the old hulk to receive his wages.

"Good-morning, Sam," said the yachtsman heartily. "I've got some rare news for you

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this journey. There's going to be a big change, old man."

"Aye," ejaculated the ancient mariner indifferently, holding out his hand for the money as he spoke.

"It's just this," said the yachtsman, "Mr. Powerscroft has purchased a new guard-boat, so you'll have to turn out of this rotting old tub into new, and more comfortable quarters. This thing isn't fit for a pig to live in!"

Storm staggered as though he had received a violent blow.

"Do you mean to say as I'm to leave the old guard-boat what's been my home for well nigh thirty-five years?" he gasped brokenly. "Why, I know every nail in the vessel, an' even the few old rats aboard have learned to come out when I call 'em!"

"What's nails got to do with it?" asked the visitor irritably. "You must be hard up for company, if you can't find anything more sociable to talk to than vermin and rusty nails!"

"P'r'aps *you've* got a wife an' kids, mister," answered the old salt slowly, and in a softer tone; "them as has wives an' kids don't take no interest in ordinary things what can't talk, an' they can't understand how a lonely chap like me can come to love a few old planks, an' mourn over a dead rat or spider. It'll just kill me to leave my ship now; and if you'll tell Mr. Powerscroft that I'd rather die than see her broke up, p'r'aps he'll send the new craft elsewhere, an' just let me go on as I am."

"It isn't a new craft, Sam," said the yachtsman with an amused smile. "It's an old Calais smack which the governor bought up cheap at an auction over there, and——"

"An old Calais smack!" interrupted Storm with flashing eyes. "Calais is in France, isn't it?"

"Somewhere in that locality," answered the visitor calmly; "but what has that to do with it, anyway?"

"This much!" roared the old sailor furiously. "It's got this much to do with it—I'd sooner set fire to my boat an' be burned alive along with her than I'd put foot on an enemy's craft, let alone make a home of her. Tell Mr. Powerscroft that a man who fought by the side of Nelson isn't a traitor! Tell him that if any French craft appears in these waters I'll sink it, single-handed, and maybe go down on my ship with the Union Jack flyin', as I've seen many another good vessel go down. Ask him if I haven't served him faithfully for five-an'-thirty years an' never lost a single oyster by theft; and then ask him why Sam Storm should be put on a boat what's carried the Queen's enemies!"

"Here's my month's money," he cried, flinging his month's wages into the dinghy.

"Don't be a fool!" ejaculated the yachtsman bluntly, "you're earning Mr. Powerscroft's money, and you'll have to do just what he wishes. France is no longer an enemy of ours, as you'd know if you took the trouble to row ashore now and again."

"If the French are no longer our enemies, it's a disgrace to the country!" cried Storm, with the unreasoning obstinacy of a very old man. "Have Englishmen forgot who killed Nelson? Does a paltry five-an'-thirty year blot out the memory of such a man as him?"

"I've no time to stay arguing any longer," interrupted the yachtsman. "And I shan't carry any insulting messages to your employer for your own sake. If you take my advice, you'll just make yourself comfortable in the new guard-boat, before you say too much and get the sack! You'll be better off here than in the workhouse, anyway."

For the first time in many years the old salt drew himself up to his full height.

"Here's my month's money!" he cried,

Google

flinging his wages into the dinghy as the yachtsman pushed off. "Tell the owner of these beds that I've give *him* the sack, an' took the old boat in exchange for my wages! It's all she's worth to *him*, but she's more precious than all the French navy to *me!* He can bring a new English-built boat into these waters, with a fresh watchman aboard if he likes; but, as I said before, I'll sink any Calais smack—aye, an' a hundred Calais smacks, should they come within gunshot!"

The owner of the Yantlett beds was vastly amused by a recital of the strange interview between his yachtsman and the occupant of the guard-boat.

"The old fellow is evidently insane," he remarked indulgently. "I must pension him off, and get a younger man for the job. What do you think of his son, Tom Storm?"

"A decent, hard-working chap, sir," answered the yachtsman readily. "Seems quite a reformed character. He was never a bad fellow at heart."

"Has old Storm seen him since his release from prison?"

"No; he has never forgiven Tom, and for that reason, sir, I think that, perhaps, it would be better to engage a stranger. If Storm recognises his son, it may increase his bitterness, and I fancy that, old as he is, Samuel would prove a dangerous customer to tackle in his present frame of mind."

Mr. Powerscroft stamped his foot impatiently.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed, "you surely don't believe the old man to be capable of carrying out his idiotic scheme of resistance. What weapons does the guard-boat carry?"

"An old cannon, formerly used as a signal gun, sundry relics of Trafalgar in the shape of cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and small arms," answered the yachtsman. "And as to what you term an 'idiotic scheme of resistance,' sir," he continued, firmly but respectfully, "I know Storm well enough to be convinced that he intends to carry out his plans to the letter. As you say, the man is probably insane; but it is generally more prudent to humour a dangerous lunatic, who can back up his arguments with powder and shot, than to employ force."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the millionaire coldly. "In any case it is kind of you to explain your views on the subject of lunacy so fully. I intend, however, to please myself as to the best course to pursue in this rather interesting case. Samuel Storm will retire on a comfortable pension, and his son will be employed as custodian of the Yantlett beds. The old guard-boat is to be beached and broken up. Thomas Storm, yourself, and another hand or two from the *Cleopatra*, will sail the new smack from Calais harbour to Yantlett Creek. If the old man should offer the resistance he threatens, you must heave to at a safe distance, and board the guard-boat under cover of darkness. Do you understand?"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the yachtsman impassively. "One might as well expect to catch a weasel asleep, though, as to surprise Sam Storm," he added under his breath. "I'd rather sail the *Cleopatra* through the biggest cyclone that ever blew, than attempt to capture a boat from an armed lunatic. However, the job's got to be done, and the sooner it's over the better for all parties concerned."

II.

It was not until the 10th day of October that the new guard-boat appeared on the muddy waters of Yantlett Creek. For seven days and nights Samuel Storm had kept an almost incessant vigil from the crumbling deck of the old boat. This continual strain had completely unhinged the mind of the watchman, and his weather-beaten features had become strangely emaciated, while the keen grey eyes shone with an unnatural light as they peered eagerly towards the open sea. Ever and anon, the old man would turn to salute an invisible form on the after deck of his craft, and the words "ay, ay, sir," constantly escaped his lips in answer to some imaginary command emanating from the same direction.

The deck of the guard-boat had undergone a complete transformation. Oyster-baskets, dredgers, and nets were carefully stowed away below, boarding pikes, cutlasses, and an old musket or two were ranged round the mast. A cannon of obsolete pattern stood in the bows, pointing seawards, and an open keg of gunpowder was placed at the foot of a pyramid of round shot. The after deck had been carpeted with a yard or two of mildewed matting, and a tattered Union Jack, attached to a block in the rigging, lay at the foot of the mast.

The decks were already cleared for action as the sails of the Calais smack appeared above the horizon; and when the "enemy" had approached to within half a mile of the guard boat, Samuel Storm grimly strewed the tar-stained planks with sawdust.

"The enemy's in sight, my lord," he murmured, turning his face to the "quarter deck," and jerking a scanty forelock respect-

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fully. "An' we're quite ready to receive 'em—decks cleared, guns trained, powder an' shot enough to sink the whole fleet. She's heaving to now, sir, out of range," he continued excitedly. "Shall we weigh anchor an' sail out to meet her? No masts left—sails shot away at Trafalgar? Ay, ay, sir, I'd forgot *that*. Give 'em a drop shot, just to show we're alive? Ay, ay, sir!"

A tongue of flame flashed from the mouth of the cannon, and a deep roar burst suddenly from the old guard-boat, rattling the windows of Yantlett village, and reverberating ominously as the neighbouring hills took up the warning note, and repeated it in a series of sullen growls.

"The enemy's in sight, my lord," he murmured.

And while in the village people ran hither and thither to inquire anxiously whether an explosion had occurred at the local dynamite mills, or whether the commotion was due to an unseasonable and unexpected thunderclap; and while the sheep on the hillside still scampered in clumsy confusion towards their accustomed shelter, four men on the deck of the Calais smack were gazing silently at the spot where a round shot had taken its final plunge beneath the placid waters of Yantlett Creek.

"The old man is raving mad, boys, there's no doubt about that now," said the Captain of the *Cleopatra*. "I told Mr. Powerscroft as much, but he treated the whole business with contempt. 'If Storm should offer the resistance he threatens,' he said, 'you must heave to a safe distance and board the old guard-boat under cover of darkness!' Those were all the instructions I received. What is the best course to take?"

"Here comes a second shot!" exclaimed the mate as the cannon spoke again. "It's dropped within fifty yards of us, too! Listen! the old man is cheering himself hoarse, and he's running the Union Jack up to the mast head. All Yantlett is alive by this time. The quays are crowded with people, and the coastguard-boat is being launched."

Again a feeble, quavering cheer reached the ears of those aboard the smack.

"The coastguard folk don't know what father means," said Tom Storm, as the preventive service craft was rowed rapidly out in the direction of the guard-boat. "They probably think that there's a raid on the oysters, and that the old man is signalling for assistance. We must get the dinghy under way and row out to meet them."

"I'm with you, Tom," said the mate quietly. "It's a dangerous undertaking, for we shall have to pass within a hundred yards of the guard-boat to intercept them, but in his present state of mind old Storm is sure to mistake the coastguard for an enemy."

"I've suffered a good deal at the hands of the preventive folk, but I daresay I deserved all I got," said Tom Storm. "Anyway, I can't stand quietly by and see four fine chaps, with wives and little ones depending on 'em, blown clean out of the water without giving 'em fair warning, so I'm willing to take the risk. But you, Jocelyn," he continued, addressing the mate, "you're different. You've a family of you own, and had better stay here with Dick Olley and the Cap'n. The tide's making pretty fast, and I reckon I can reach the coastguard-boat single-handed before she comes within gunshot."

"Better weigh anchor and run past the gun in the smack herself," suggested the Captain. "We've a fair wind, and she'll sail twice as fast as you can row the dinghy."

"And make a fine target at so short a range!" protested the mate. "No, Cap'n, I reckon Tom and I can undertake the job in the smaller craft with a much better chance of success. In you go, Storm," he continued hurriedly, watching the guard-boat anxiously through a telescope as he spoke, "the old

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man is already training his gun towards Yantlett, and the coastguardsmen are now scarcely a mile away."

"Steer close into the guard-boat," shouted the Captain as the dinghy shot out from the stern of the smack. "If you get near enough he'll never be able to lower the cannon muzzle sufficiently to hit you. Pull straight into Yantlett for all you are worth, boys, and don't stop to argue with old Storm for a single moment!"

With a heavy boom a third shot flew shrieking across the waters of the creek—this time in the direction of the village—and the crowd on jetty and quay scattered in confusion as a great column of spray leaped into air within half a mile of the sea wall.

At the same moment the rusty anchor-chains of the guard-boat parted under the recoil of the heavily-charged cannon, and the battered old hulk began to drift slowly towards Yantlett on the flowing tide.

"Lord Almighty! the guard-boat's adrift and going ashore!" shouted the Captain of the *Cleopatra*. "Adrift after riding at anchor ever since I was a little chap in frocks and pinafores!"

"Hadn't we better weigh anchor and run 'im down afore 'e does some big mischief in the village, Cap'n?" asked Olley, whose cottage on the west front of Yantlett was now well within range of Storm's cannon. "The bows of this smack would cut the old tub in half clean as a knife."

"There's two boats in peril already, Dick," answered the Captain. "'Tis no use losing our heads, and wrecking the new guard-boat for no purpose. The coastguard people have realised that something quite different to an oyster raid is in progress, and they are now standing off to the East. But Heaven help the lads in our dinghy, Dick!" he added fervently.

"And the women and childer ashore, too, Cap'n," said Olley, as a fourth shot, flying wide of the coastguard boat, splintered the bowsprit of an anchored yacht, and buried itself in the shingle of Yantlett beach.

The dinghy had now approached to within hailing distance of the guard-boat, and the two men aboard, observing that the preventive craft was standing away, quickly brought their own boat about with the intention of returning to the smack. At the same moment a thinner wreath of smoke darted out from the stern of the old hulk, and even before the sharp crack of a rifle had reached the ears of the panic-stricken villagers, *Tom Storm threw up his arms and fell forward into the well of the dinghy, shot to the heart.*

And as the released guard-boat, floating clumsily on the incoming tide, approached nearer and nearer to the beach of Yantlett the panic within the village was terrible to witness. Women and children sped in chattering, gasping crowds towards the thickly wooded slopes of the rectory grounds, searching for cover with the instinct of animals pursued by some unknown horror which has the power to deal a noisy and fearsome death. And the husbands and fathers, fishermen mostly, who could meet death in

Tom Storm threw up his arms and fell forward, shot through the heart.

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the tempestuous waters beyond the creek with unflinching eyes, now knelt in grotesque groups on the slightly sunken roadway behind the sea wall, and peered furtively at this new terror, ducking instinctively behind the level of the concrete barrier whenever the cannon belched forth a new warning.

Samuel Storm was, indeed, revisiting his native village in the guise of an avenging spirit.

It was while the body of Thomas Storm was being raised reverently from the dinghy to the deck of the Calais smack, that a huge column of smoke enveloped the guard-boat, and when this had risen to a great height, forming a cloud which obscured the rays of the noon-day sun, tongues of yellow flame were seen to run rapidly from stem to stern of the old craft, crackling ominously as they devoured the lighter tackle, and roaring furiously as the tar-stained deck and bulwarks became involved. And as the burning craft drifted slowly, yet surely, towards the shore ground, without any noise beyond the fierce roar and crackle of blazing wood, that strange fascination of fire and flame drew the villagers from their hiding places, and the wondering crowd flocked back to jetty and quay to witness the final act of the greatest tragedy that Yantlett had ever seen.

A strange figure was seen among the flames amidships.

It was a weirdly impressive sight, and the older inhabitants of Yantlett village are wont to discuss the fascinating but gruesome spectacle to this day. They will tell the interested visitor how the guard-boat, a mass of roaring and crackling flame, drifted to within a hundred yards of the jetty steps; how she sank with the tattered Union Jack still flying at the head of the "lantern mast," and how the few remaining cannon balls were thrown high into the air by the final explosion. They will recall the last plunge amidst a huge cloud of steam; and speak of the strange figure which was seen amongst the flames amidships—the figure of a man of great age, with long white hair and flowing beard. And they will conclude by describing with rough eloquence how the old man stood "at attention" gazing intently towards the blazing "after-deck" of the vessel until the end came.

It is only a word picture, probably drawn from a mind of no great culture, but it affords a faithful and pathetic illustration of how Samuel Storm waited for his last order.

* * *

Many weeks after the guard-boat had taken her final plunge beneath the waters of Yantlett Creek, a large and very heavy chest was recovered from the charred cabin of the wreck. It was opened in the presence of Jabez Powerscroft, Esq., and found to contain nearly £1000 in half sovereigns. The first layer of coins was covered with a sheet of canvas, upon which the following words were painted in heavy Roman characters :—

"All this money is to be handed to my only son, Thomas Storm, when the writer, Samuel Storm, shall have left the guard-boat."

Within the churchyards of many an unpretentious village which lies within sound of the murmuring waves, there is at least one grave to be found which forms the last page of some romantic history or tragedy of the great sea. Such a grave you will find in Yantlett churchyard. The incompleted history of this hero *and* scapegrace has already been told. The last page reads as follows :—

THOMAS STORM.
Born Nov. 14, 1817.
Died Oct. 10, 1870.

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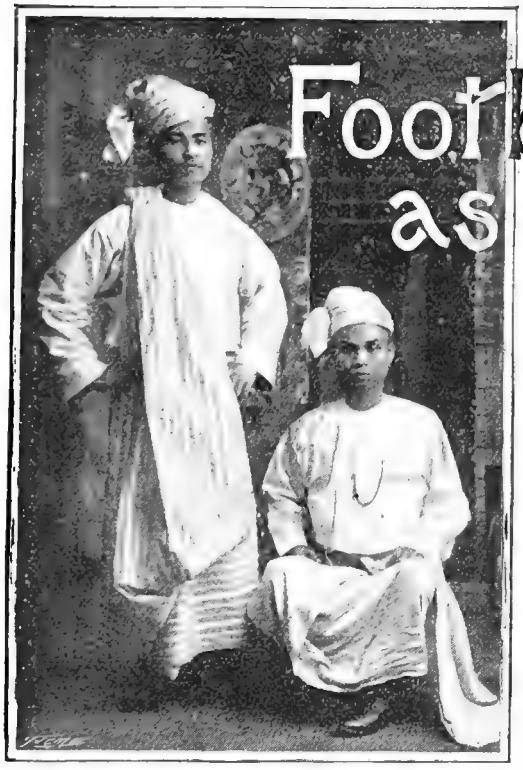

Football as a Fine Art

By H. L. Adam.

Photos by Howland & Lonergan and by Cower & Rasmussen, San Francisco.

A few years back there was exhibited in London a Burmese village, in which was given a tolerably accurate idea of the various manners and customs of the Burmese native. This show was not very successful, but at least it led to a remarkable success, for it was here that Mr. Thomas Hawkes discovered the world-renowned Burmese football players. Mr. Hawkes, while strolling through the village on a tour of inspection, happened upon Moung Toon and Moung Chit, who were entertaining the patrons with an exposition of native football. At once Mr. Hawkes saw that this particular item deserved more than passing attention, and, in spite of discouraging opinions, he took Messrs. Toon and Chit in hand, and has since created sensation upon sensation with them in all parts of the world.

The balls with which the Burmese play are made of plaited bamboo, and they are, moreover, made by the players themselves. This is the process. They take a length of bamboo, from which with a knife they detach thin strips, always cutting away from them. Then they screw up a quantity of paper into a hard ball, around which they plait and twist the strips of bamboo into a spherical formation, the operation thus far taking about one hour. The ball, with the paper still tight inside it, is next placed inside a saucepan with water and slices of lemon, and kept on a fire till the lemon is all boiled away. Then it is considered "done," is taken out, all the paper being picked from the interior through the interstices of the bamboo, and the ball placed in the sun every day for about a fortnight. It is then generally fit for use. The process of boiling with lemon and afterwards subjecting to solar heat is to harden at the same time that it imparts elasticity. The ball, with ordinary care, will afterwards last for a considerable period.

Now for the manner in which the Burmese play their football. It is purely and simply a gambling game. A given number of players stand in a ring a few hundred yards in diameter, in the centre of which there is a "pool" of rupees, made up among the company. The ball is thrown into the ring and tossed from one to another, nobody being allowed to touch it with his hands. Anybody so doing would be disqualified, forfeiting his chance and his contribution to the pool. The ball, then, can be propelled by any part of the body, or caught and held in any part of the body but the hands, the game being to keep it within the ring. It is thus passed from one to another, the player who allows it to go out of the ring losing his chance. The last player left in the ring takes the pool. As may readily be supposed, the fun is fast and furious, and the player who is skilful and sufficiently alert to win the pool, deserves it. Sometimes the game is played with two only, one challenging another, and laying the odds, so to speak—putting four to the other's two, and so on. They love only two things, the Burmese: wooden gods and

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(1). The start.

gold. At least, so Mr. Hawkes assured me. When they are not worshipping the former they are playing games of chance for the latter.

A short while since I was invited to witness a display by Messrs. Toon and Chit, who went through, for my special delectation, the whole of the performance with which they have recently been delighting the British paying public. Mr. Toon may be regarded as the particular bright "star" of the business, and Chit as his satellite, or, as he is technically termed, his "feeder." There is not, however, any rivalry or unpleasant jealousy between them, they are both remarkably smart and play well into one another's hands—or should I say feet?

They began, with the bamboo balls, and to say that they are able to do almost anything with them is not in the least to overstate the case. To start the fun Toon drops a ball on to the floor, and, as it bounces up, catches it on the top of his foot; and when I say "catches" it, I mean to infer that he does precisely with his foot what an ordinary individual would do with his hand—literally "clutches" the ball. It would appear that to them it is as natural to crook the feet upwards as it is for us to point ours downwards.

From the moment the ball thus lands upon the foot until the play is considered at an end, it does not in any way come into contact with the hands, which all through are held listlessly at the sides, palms outstretched in true Oriental style. With a sudden twitch of the muscles the ball ascends in the air and is deftly caught on Toon's knee, where it rests a few moments, only to rise again over his head and be caught by Chit behind on *his* knee. And so it goes on flying backwards and forwards, being caught in all kinds of odd ways, and propelled in the most remarkable manner imaginable.

(2). The ball is thrown up.

But perhaps the most wonderful part of Messrs. Toon and Chit's performance is the manipulation of glass balls, which they introduced at the instigation of Mr. Hawkes. It may readily be conceived how difficult it is to "clutch" and obtain complete control over large, hollow, smooth-glass balls. They began with coloured balls, very like those one sees on Christmas trees, and which at a distance have a distinctly metallic appearance. This gave the sceptics an opportunity for discounting the performance. "Glass be blowed!" said they, in

(3). Another player catches the ball on his foot.

(4). He throws it up again.

(5.) And finally kicks it from behind to another player.

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effect—"they're made of metal." Well, one of these *metal* balls one night fell to the ground and exploded with the report of a pistol. That was a fall for scepticism. Since then white glass balls have been used, which make it difficult for the doubting ones, unless they are inclined to discredit their own eyesight.

Let me describe one of the tricks which Toon does with two of these balls, and which may be regarded as his masterpiece. He starts with one ball poised on his shoulder, and the other held in the hollow of his leg. He drops the ball from his shoulder, catches it on his foot, sends it into the air, catches it on his shoulder, drops the second ball on to his foot, sends that into the air and catches it on the top of the first ball on his shoulder, where they both remain stationary. There is, of course, always the chance of the balls breaking, and to catch one on top of the other and so balance them is in itself no mean task. It should also be borne in mind that all the movements are made very swiftly, and a mere written description does not, on the face of it, convey an adequate idea of the rapidity of action indulged in. At one stage of the performance the balls appear to be flying in all directions, on all parts of the body. They are caught under the arm, on the foot, under the leg, on the knee, the shoulders, the side of the face, twirled round the neck, shot down the back, along the arms, across the chest—in fact, wherever a lodgment or passage can be found for them,

(1). The position of the glass balls at starting.

(2). The shoulder ball is jerked down —

(3). — and caught by the foot.

(4). Then the second ball is thrown up and caught on the shoulder.

(5). Finally the foot tosses the first ball up upon the other, where it rests.

in direct defiance of the laws of gravitation, there are they insinuated. At one moment a ball will appear to be in imminent peril of destructive contact with the floor, but the nimble foot is there and averts a seeming inevitable disaster. The feet of these Burmese gentlemen—as, indeed, are all the muscles of their lithe bodies—are so thoroughly and completely under control that they can look you straight in the face while their toes are turned right round and pointing to the rear.

I questioned Mr. Toon as to how he became so expert in this particular, and he replied that it had been a study of a lifetime. When he was young he used to play about the streets of Mandalay, and on one occasion he saw a perambulating prestidigitateur twisting glass balls and stout canes with his hands, and it struck him that it would be a decided novelty, not to say an achievement, to do with the feet what ordinary jugglers perform with their hands. He at once set about accomplishing this laudable desire, and was not satisfied until he had put into practice what he had conceived in theory.

Both Toon and Chit are tattooed in a remarkable manner from the knee to the waist. The operation was so severe it cost Toon three weeks' illness, but, as a set-off, he enjoys immunity from snake-bite, the ink being supposed to possess marvellous properties.

Let me conclude this article with a brief specimen of Mr. Toon's English. I asked him what he thought of our climate. With a wave of the hand towards the street without, he replied:

"Ha, ha! Rain—foggy—so much—not like!"

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All ready for firing.

BLOWING UP A BRIDGE.

By E. W. Kitchin.

Photographs by the Author.

The British public heard a good deal about the blowing up of bridges and culverts by the Boers during the earlier stages of the war with the two Republics in South Africa. It is not generally known, however, that in peaceful England bridges are blown up from time to time, though not for the same purpose as in South Africa. It is often necessary to remove an old bridge in order to make way for a new, and the photographs published here show such an operation in its various stages.

It is not so easy a matter, as at first sight it might seem, to take down a brick or stone arch of any considerable size. It is an operation requiring much care and thought. There are two methods of effecting the desired removal, circumstances usually deciding which shall in any particular case be adopted. If there are houses close by the scene of operations the engineers are compelled to pull the arch to pieces by means of manual labour. With this method a framework must be constructed to prevent portions of the masonry from falling on to passing trains, and the proceedings are of course slow, and not very interesting to the casual observer. When, however, inhabited dwellings are sufficiently far distant, the mass can be removed very speedily by means of a powerful explosive in a somewhat similar manner to blasting, which, as everybody knows, is capable of flinging huge portions of rock and other obstructing material out of the way by which the engineer wishes, and intends, to take his railroad.

It is unnecessary to go into details with regard to the boring for the charges, and subsequent setting of them, and a general idea will be sufficient. The charges are carefully rammed into their appointed places, whilst each is connected by a very quick-burning fuse to one slow-burning fuse, which is long enough to give the operators time to get safely away. In the first picture the engineers and "navvies" are seen moving away to take up positions from which they can watch the process of demolition. The two men remaining still on the arch (from which the roadway it once carried has been first removed) will light the fuses, and then they too will retreat to a respectful distance.

When the fuse is ignited an expectant

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period of about three minutes ensues. Everybody is silent with gaze fixed on the doomed bridge. The fuse burns steadily, the smoke from it being plainly visible. "What a long three minutes," says one of the spectators; and still nothing happens.

Then, without any warning, a bang, a crash, and a volume of smoke shoots up, accompanied by masses of stone and brick. (This is well shown in the second photograph.) The arch has now been seriously damaged and weakened at the "crown," but still holds together.

But wait. There is another shot to go off yet. Perhaps fifteen seconds elapse, then there is a second report, this time from one side. The bridge

"Fired."

The bridge falling.

Five minutes later. The bridge utterly demolished.

can stand it no longer, and with a tearing, crashing noise, mid smoke and flying "dirt" falls heavily to the ground. A few solitary "brick-bats" are hurled skywards, to descend again a hundred yards or more away with a swish and a thud, and woe to the unlucky being who finds himself on the underside of one of these.

The arch is gone, and is now strewn on the railroad. The debris, weighing many tons, must be removed; so immediately all is over a gang of navvies is hard at work, and in a very short time the line, which had, of course, to be carefully "blocked" to traffic during the whole operation, is clear once more, and passengers in the trains speeding past look out and wonder what has been going on.

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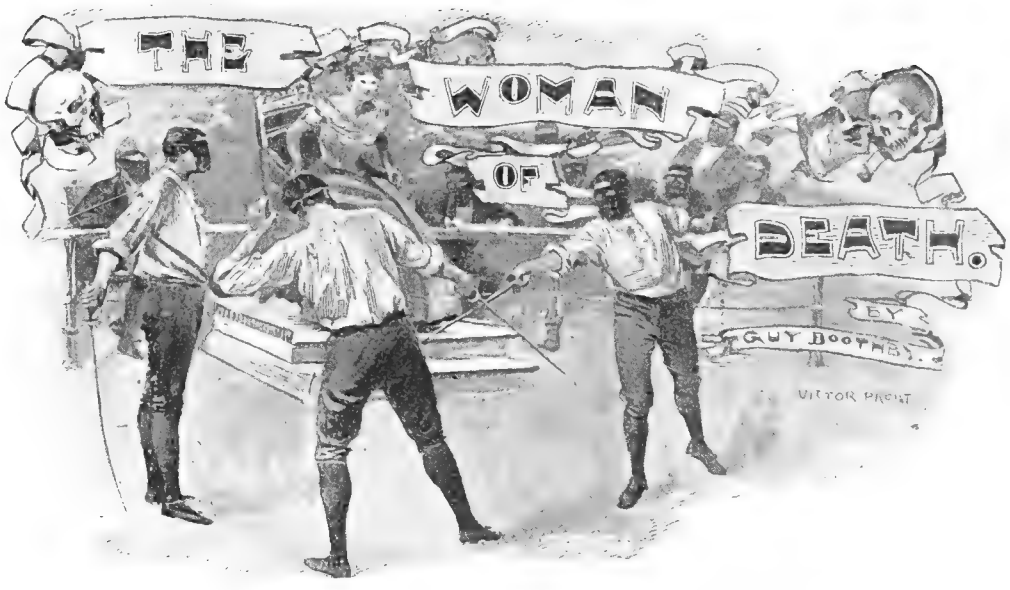

INTRODUCTION.

LORD MIDDLESBOROUGH joins a Parisian club, of which the fortnightly amusement is a compulsory duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame d'Espère, a lady of his acquaintance. After becoming engaged to Cécile de Tarvenac, Middlesborough discovers that her father is a member of the above-mentioned club. Madame d'Espère, hearing of Middlesborough's engagement, offers him her love, and, on being repulsed, declares herself his and his *fiancée's* enemy. Middlesborough introduces Cécile to Madame d'Espère, and witnesses a duel between de Tarvenac and another member of the club.

CHAPTER X.

ON the day following that upon which Middlesborough was so unfortunate as to be compelled to present Cécile to Madame d'Espère, the same on which he had learnt the sad news of de Gonville's death, nothing of great importance occurred. Again and again, as if to salve his conscience, he had endeavoured to convince himself that while de Tarvenac had, without a doubt, been the cause of the catastrophe, yet no greater blame was attachable to him than that he had fought the duel and had come successfully out of it. He argued that if de Tarvenac had not had the misfortune to be chosen by the ballot, someone else would have been responsible for the death of the young man. It was at this point, however, that he invariably broke down. He could not rid his mind of the cruelty his father-in-law elect had displayed in the encounter, and each time he recalled it he found that his dislike for the man increased. On the other hand, de Tarvenac himself, after his outburst concerning Madame d'Espère, endeavoured by every means in his power to conciliate his future son-in-law. But under it all there was a veiled hostility that was none the less active because it was concealed. The reason of this was not very difficult to discover. The Count was passionately attached to his daughter, and was jealous of the influence the young man was obtaining over her.

More than once Middlesborough had thought of that stately old mansion, "Burgrove," and had even pictured Cécile in all her girlish beauty moving, as its mistress, about the grand old rooms and corridors. Behind these pleasant day-dreams, however, always lurked the spectre of the Woman of Death, and the remembrance of the solemn vow he had made. He had pledged his word that until he had fought one duel, he would not cease to become a member of the Club. That encounter had still to take place. During the afternoon he made it his business to call upon de Tarvenac. Cécile had told him that she would not be at home, and it struck him that this would be an excellent opportunity for speaking to her father. He found

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the latter in his study, busily engaged upon the concluding chapter of a book. On his guest being announced, he rose to greet him.

"I fear I am interrupting you," said Middlesborough by way of apology, as they shook hands. "The truth is, I want to have a little conversation with you."

"I am always delighted to see you, as you know," the other replied, in a tone which suggested that he would rather have been permitted to continue his work undisturbed. "But what can you have to say to me that Cécile must not hear?"

"I want to know when you think my marriage can take place?" Middlesborough said. "If you have no objection to raise, I should like it to be as soon as possible. For my part, I cannot see where the necessity exists for delay. Our lawyers have arranged the settlements, and all that now remains is for Cécile to fix the day and for the ceremony to take place."

De Tarvenac smiled.

"Forgive my saying so," he answered, "but I can remember a time when you were not quite so anxious to be married."

"I had not met Cécile then," Middlesborough returned.

"And when you are married, where do you propose to reside?" the other enquired. "In your own country or this?"

"That depends very much upon circumstances," Middlesborough answered. "If, as Cécile wishes, I am to take life a little more seriously in the future, which, I presume, means that I am to return to politics once more, and give my attention to the welfare of my estates, I suppose I shall spend the greater part of the year in England. The remainder, I have an idea, we shall divide between Paris and the Mediterranean."

"You will permit me to see something of you, I hope?" de Tarvenac said drily. "As you may suppose, I shall feel my daughter's loss. She has been everything to me for so many years."

"I can quite understand that you will miss her," Middlesborough replied. "But perhaps she will not be as lost to you as you imagine. We shall hope to persuade you to spend much of your time with us."

The bridegroom elect took from his pocket a diamond bracelet, which he clasped upon his *fiancée's* wrist.

"You are kind," returned the older man; "but when you have reached my age you will find that it is better not to attempt to arrange the Future. We none of us know what may happen from day to day. And now to return to the object of your visit. Cécile must settle the date of your marriage. Whatever arrangements she may make, I will pledge myself to agree to. Like you, I think the sooner it is settled the better. As I have told you on several occasions, it is my desire to make Cécile's safety assured."

"That has been definitely arranged for," Middlesborough replied. "In the event of my death she will be my sole heiress and

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executrix. I am the last of my house and everything I have will pass to her."

A close observer might have noticed that a faint smile flickered round the corners of de Tarvenac's mouth as the other said this.

"You have been most generous," he remarked, "and I am under a great obligation to you."

"I may leave it to you, then, to ask Cécile to settle the question of the date?"

"I will do so as soon as she returns, and will be sure to acquaint you with the result immediately."

Middlesborough rose to take leave.

That evening, between the first and second acts of "Fidelio" at the Opera House, the date for the marriage was definitely settled. In three weeks' time Cécile was to become Lady Middlesborough. It was to be a quiet affair in every way, without excitement of any sort, only de Chamberêt, who was to act as Middlesborough's best man, and those immediately concerned, were to be present at the ceremony. They had arranged to spend their honeymoon at Middlesborough's villa near Monte Carlo, and to pay a visit to his English estates afterwards. As a little memento of the occasion the bridegroom elect took from his pocket a leather case, and from it a magnificent diamond bracelet which he clasped upon his *fiancée's* wrist.

"You spoil me terribly," she said, "and must not give me anything else for a long time. A month ago my jewel case contained only a few little mementoes of my poor mother. Now it groans under the weight of diamonds and pearls."

"You have not seen half your treasures yet," he answered with a smile. "The famous Middlesborough jewels will come to you. They have lain in the safe at the bank for nearly twenty years, and it is about time they saw light. You will have to wear them when you are presented at Court."

This news caused her some little alarm.

"Shall I really have to be presented?" she asked.

"Of course," he replied. "Poor little girl, you have all your troubles before you. However, I am sure you will be quite capable of overcoming them. I should like to see the faces of those present at the first Drawing Room when my Lady Middlesborough sweeps up to make her curtsey. I shall be the most envied man in London from that moment."

"You are a sad flatterer, I'm afraid," she said, shaking her head at him. Then, dropping her voice to a whisper, she added, "there will be no woman there, who will be prouder of her husband than I shall be of mine."

"God grant you may," he said, with an earnestness that was by no means usual with him.

The next fortnight was spent in a bustle of preparation. A thousand things had to be thought of. There were papers to sign and enquiries to be made. Somehow or other the news had leaked out, and congratulations showered in upon the bridegroom from all classes of society. His own royal family sent presents, as did other crowned heads; the important manufacturing town in the Midlands, of which he owned upwards of a third, despatched an illuminated address; while his tenants, from all

Madame d'Espère left Paris for Vienna.

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The clash of swords sounded in his ears, and he saw himself lying stretched upon the floor, his life blood oozing from him.

parts of the country, united in the presentation of a massive piece of plate. Cécile, on her side, received but few gifts. A distant connection of her mother's sent her an antiquated coral necklace; while the nuns, who had had the care of her education, forwarded her a little gift, which served to remind her of the old grey convent looking down upon the sunny Mediterranean.

In his great happiness Middlesborough had no time to think of anything that did not closely concern the question of his marriage. He scarcely thought of Madame d'Espère, who, he discovered incidentally, had left Paris for Vienna. Her hatred of Cécile and her threatened vengeance had not, as yet, taken active form, and, if he could prevent it, it never should.

On the evening preceding his wedding-day, Middlesborough reached home somewhat earlier than usual. He had dined with Cécile and her father, but, feeling sure that they would prefer to spend their last evening together, he had made an excuse and left them soon after the meal was ended. Now he sat in his study, smoking and thinking of what was to happen after the morrow. De Chamberêt, as I have already said, was to act as his best man, while Bennett, his lawyer, was to cross from England in order to be a witness to the ceremony. A smile spread over Middlesborough's face as he remembered the fervid epistle of congratulation he had received from the latter. Nothing could exceed the firm's delight at the knowledge that, at last, their client was about to take to himself a wife.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. He bade the person outside "come in," whereupon his butler entered to inform him that a gentleman had called who would like to speak with him.

"Who is it?" he asked a little irritably.

The man replied that the stranger had refused to give his name.

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"He would not detain his lordship very long," he said, "if he would permit him an interview."

"Have you ever seen him before?" Middlesborough enquired.

The latter replied to the contrary. The man, whoever he was, was quite unknown to him.

"Oh, well! show him in."

The butler withdrew. Presently he returned to usher in a man somewhat below middle height. He was the possessor of iron grey hair, a clean shaven, and somewhat wizened face. He wore a frock coat, tightly buttoned, and his hands, which were small, were irreproachably gloved. Middlesborough looked at him, but could not remember that he had seen him before.

"Good evening," he said. "To what do I owe the honour of a visit at such a late hour?"

"I have come upon an errand that I fear may not altogether commend itself to you," said the other, and, as he spoke, Middlesborough recognised the voice. It was de Chartres, the secretary of the club at St. Germain, who hitherto he had never seen without a mask. He pulled himself together sufficiently to ask what the other wanted of him.

"I am here," said de Chartres, slowly and impressively, as if he were anxious that every word should be impressed upon the listener, "for the purpose of informing you that last night your number was drawn in the ballot, and that, consequently, you become one of the combatants at the meeting to be held on Friday next."

For a moment Middlesborough scarcely realized the meaning of what he heard. It was as if all the blood in his body had rushed to his head, while his heart beat as if it would choke him. Then, with an effort, he regained his self-possession. He was not going to let this man think that he was afraid.

"I am much honoured that the club should deem me capable of showing them sufficient amusement," he said without faltering. "I fear, however, that it will be impossible for me to attend on this occasion. You are not aware, I presume, that I am to be married to-morrow?"

"I am *quite* aware of it," the other replied. "And I regret the inconvenience the summons I have delivered this evening must necessarily cause you. What you say, however, about not being able to be present on Friday next is, as you know, unfortunately out of the question. Marriage, I fear, was not taken into consideration when the rules of the club were framed."

"Do you mean to tell me that you desire my attendance whether I wish it or not?"

"Personally, I do not desire anything," said de Chartres. "I am merely the servant of the Club, whose duty it is to see that its instructions are carried out. Of my own initiative I am powerless to say or do anything."

"Is there no way in which I can arrange this matter?" Middlesborough enquired. "I do not, of course, wish you to think that I am endeavouring to avoid the consequences of the promise I gave, but, if I *must* fight, would it not be possible for the duel to take place at a later date?"

His companion shook his head.

"It is out of the question," he replied. "The ballot having once taken place, there can be no change. May I, therefore, to avoid further discussion, remind you that your fellow members hope to have the pleasure of your society on Friday evening next, at the usual hour?"

Middlesborough did not answer. His promise, and the iron rules of the society, held him as in a vice.

"Well, if you can do nothing else," he said at last, "you can at least tell me with whom I am to fight?"

"That is a question I am not at liberty to answer," said de Chartres. "As you know, it is one of our most stringent rules that one combatant shall not be aware of the identity of the other."

"You can give me no sort of information on that head?"

"None whatsoever. I regret having to be so curt, but you have heard my reason."

Middlesborough rose, and began to pace up and down the room.

"Is there anyone besides yourself who knows the names of those who have been chosen?" he enquired.

"Not one," de Chartres replied. "I alone keep the records of the society, and, in consequence, I only am aware to whom the numbers have been allotted."

"Madame d'Espère, therefore, does nothing but draw the numbers and watch the combats?"

"I think I have told you on a previous occasion, my lord, that I know of no such person," said de Chartres.

"But Madame d'Espère and the Woman of Death are one and the same," Middlesborough asserted. "It is useless for you to deny the fact."

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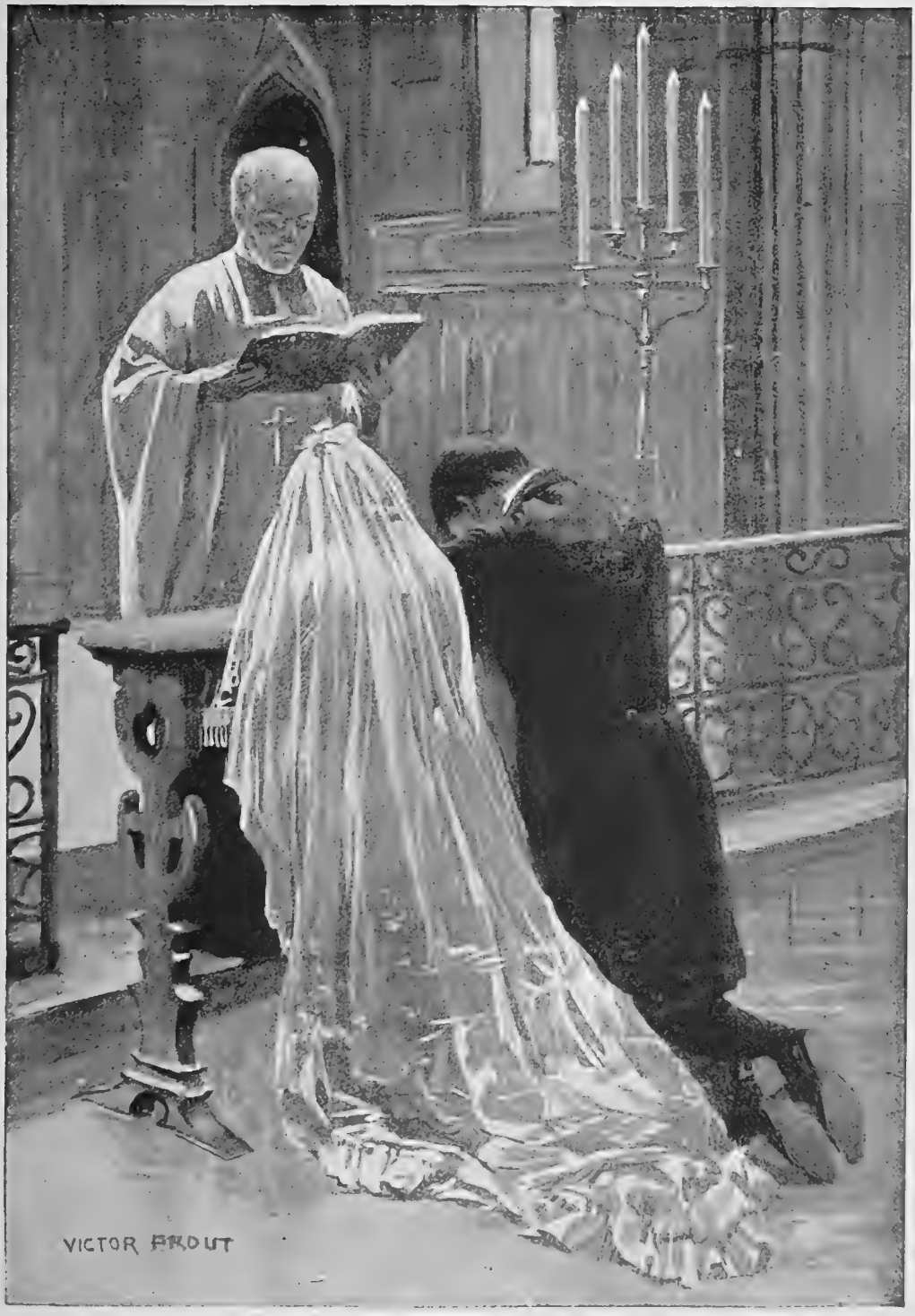

Then Evelyn, Baron Middlesborough, took to himself Cécile, daughter of the Comte de Tarvenac, for his wife.

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With the best wishes of their friends ringing in their ears they entered the carriage.

"If, as you say, it is useless, I will not waste my time in such unprofitable employment," the other replied, as he prepared to take his departure. "I can only repeat the assurance I gave you on the last occasion that we met. And now if you will permit me I will wish you *au revoir* until next Friday evening."

Middlesborough tried to answer him, but his voice died away in his throat. He thought of Cécile, and all his courage deserted him. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he walked to the fireplace, where he stood with his elbows leaning upon the mantelpiece, looking down at the ferns that masked the ironwork. When he turned again he discovered that he was alone. De Chartres was gone. What was he to do? What could he do? Was there no way in which he could escape? Surely there must be one, if only he could find it. An hour before he had been so happy, thinking of Cécile and of the life they were to spend together. How little he had dreamed then, that in a week, in all probability, their married life would be at an end? Once more he began to pace the room, this time with feverish haste. In his mind's eye he could see the arena in the house at St. Germain, the rows of masked faces, and the Woman of Death giving the signal for the combat to commence. Every detail of the awful ceremony was presented to him with pitiless accuracy. The clash of the swords sounded in his ears, and when a few passes had been exchanged, he saw himself lying, stretched upon the floor, with his life-blood oozing from him. When he did not come home, search would certainly be made for him, and eventually the police would discover his body in the garden of a deserted house, in the river, or in some place in which it would be difficult, if not quite impossible, to account for its presence. By reason of his oath, he could give no warning to anybody; he had pledged his word of honour that nothing should induce him to speak of the club, or his connection with it, to any living soul. With his brain still in a whirl, he went to bed, to find that sleep was out of the question. At last, unable to lie still and endure any longer the agony of regret from which he was suffering, he rose, dressed himself, and went downstairs. Then, taking a hat and stick, he let himself out into the street. It was nearly half-past one o'clock, and, as he reflected grimly, this was his wedding morn.

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The night was fine, and the cool wind infinitely refreshing. Without caring which way he went he strode forward, passed over the Pont Neuf, and then walked on and on, until at last he found himself standing on the hill of Montmartre. Day was just breaking, and the vast panorama of Paris lay spread out before him. Descending the hill once more, he prepared to return to his house.

If his long walk had served no other purpose, it had, at least, helped him to recover his self-possession and to understand properly how he stood. By the time he reached home he was as near composure as could be expected under the circumstances. It was nearly five o'clock, and Bennett was to breakfast with him at eight. He accordingly threw off his clothes, and went to bed, resolved, if possible, to forget his troubles in sleep. His head had scarcely touched the pillow before he was sound asleep. When he awoke again it was to find Perkins rapping at his door. It was his wedding day, and within a week, for all he knew to the contrary, he might be dead, slain by some man who not only felt no animosity towards him, but who did not even know with whom it was he was fighting, and whose only reason for doing so was, because he desired to find an amusement that would bite sufficiently deep. Could one imagine a more hideous travesty of pleasure?

When Middlesborough descended to the breakfast-room half an hour later, he discovered a pile of letters and telegrams awaiting him there. They contained messages of congratulation emanating from half the countries of Europe. Under happier auspices he would have been pleased by the thought that so many friends remembered him, but as things stood now, it seemed like a heartless jest for anyone to wish that his married life might be long and happy. Amongst the letters was one from an old lady in England, who had always taken a great interest in his welfare. "I pray for your happiness," she said in conclusion, "if you have found a good woman—and I hope and pray that you have—and if you really love her, your life can scarcely fail to be happy. You will then have everything the world can give; try, in return, to remember that there are others who are not so fortunate. We are so accustomed to think that if we are happy, others must be so also, and we forget that, individually we are, after all, only atoms in the immensity of the world."

He stopped and walked to the window, holding the letter in his hand.

"Only atoms in the immensity of the world."

He repeated the line. In less than a week he and another atom were to come together out of that immensity to attempt to kill each other. And Cécile's heart, if not her life, was the stake for which they would fight.

A few moments later Bennett was announced.

"Good morning, Bennett," said Middlesborough, shaking him by the hand. "I am glad you were able to come over."

"I made a special point of it," the lawyer replied. "It would have been strange, all things considered, had I not done so. But I hope you will excuse me, my lord, if I say that I do not think you are looking particularly well."

"I have passed rather a bad night," the other answered, as he endeavoured to avoid the lawyer's eyes. "I suppose it's only natural under the circumstances. It is the correct thing, is it not, for a bridegroom to sleep badly on the night before his wedding day?"

"I only know that I didn't sleep well for a week before mine," Bennett replied with conviction. "I can well remember how confoundedly nervous I was."

They sat down to breakfast, and when the meal was finished, made their way to Middlesborough's study, where the lawyer put before him innumerable papers for his signature. They were employed in this fashion until ten o'clock, when it was time for Middlesborough to dress for the ceremony. Punctually at a quarter to eleven, de Chamberêt put in an appearance. He had officiated in a similar capacity on many other such occasions, and, in consequence, was well versed in the etiquette of marriage. Owing to the bridegroom's fear lest they should be late, they reached the church nearly half an hour before the time appointed. The bride and her father, however, were more punctual. Middlesborough vowed to himself that Cécile had never looked more beautiful than she did when she took her place beside him in the chancel of the church. Then, Evelyn, Baron Middlesborough, took to himself Cécile, daughter of the Comte de Tarvenac, for his wife, promising to love her and cherish her so long as they two might live. When the necessary papers had been signed, and Bennett and de Chamberêt had congratulated the happy couple, they entered their carriages and drove to the British Embassy, where the second portion of the ceremony was to be performed. At first the Ambassador, who

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was an old friend of the Middlesborough family, had been anxious to hold a reception in their honour. Middlesborough, however, had prevailed upon him not to do so, and, in consequence, only the Ambassador's wife and daughters, and the *entourage* of the Embassy were present. To save her the delay of returning to the Rue Josephine, a room had been placed at Cécile's disposal, and, when the necessary formalities were at an end, she retired to it to change her wedding gown for the dress she was to wear on the journey to the South of France.

Half an hour later, with the congratulations and best wishes of their friends ringing in their ears, they entered their carriage and drove off to the railway station.

"Can you grasp the fact, dear, that we are really and truly married?" Middlesborough enquired, as the train rolled out of the station on its way towards the sunny Mediterranean.

"Scarcely," she answered, placing her hand in his. "How little we thought on that evening when we first met at Monte Carlo, that the next time we should visit it it would be as man and wife!"

Middlesborough had such a good reason, apart from Cécile, for remembering the visit, that he immediately changed the subject. Had he not gone to the Casino that night, he would not have met Cécile, nor in all probability, would he have met Madame d'Espère. In the latter case he would not be in the predicament he now was.

"You are very quiet, dear," said Cécile, after a little pause. "Are you happy?"

"Happy?" he answered, with almost a quaver in his voice, "God knows how happy I am. Cécile, darling, I want you to promise me that you will remember this hour all your life long. Will you always try to think of me as you know me now? As the man who loves you better than all the world, better than life itself!"

"I shall always remember that," she answered simply. "Is it likely I should forget it? I will promise you that when we are both quite old I will remember you as you are now, sitting by my side, and holding my hand. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, dear, in that case I shall be quite satisfied," he answered, with an earnestness that made her look at him again.

He thought of the journey he would have to make over the same line in less than a week's time, and he wondered with what result. An intense hatred for the unknown man he was to fight was rising in his heart. His own happiness, his love, everything he possessed, even Cécile's life, depended upon the way he acquitted himself then. What did the death of the other matter, when all this was being weighed in the balance.

At last he roused himself and looked at his wife's face.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" he enquired.

"I was thinking," she replied, "how very thankful we should be for our great happiness. While other people have so much to trouble them, we seem to have nothing at all. You have no troubles, have you, husband mine?"

"Is it possible that I could have any?" he answered gallantly. "Are you not my wife?"

(*To be continued.*)

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For golden daffodils.

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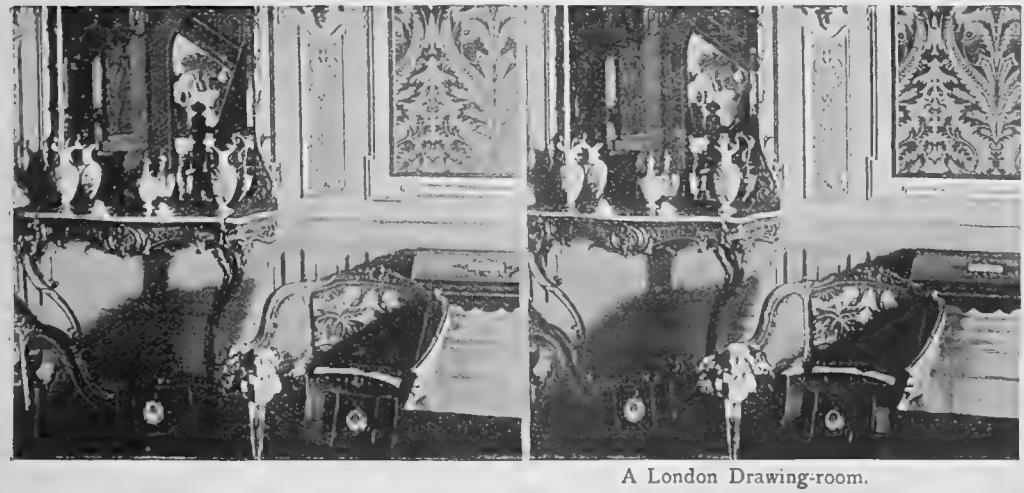

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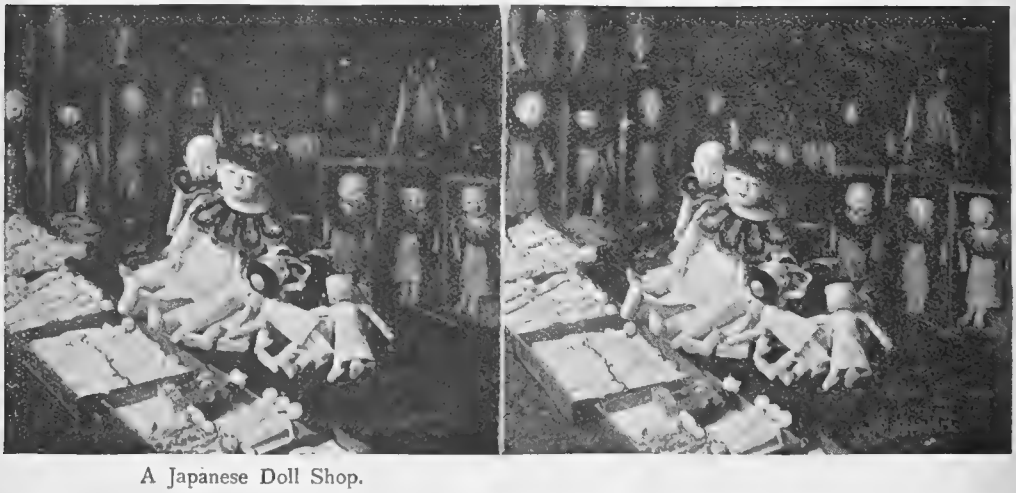

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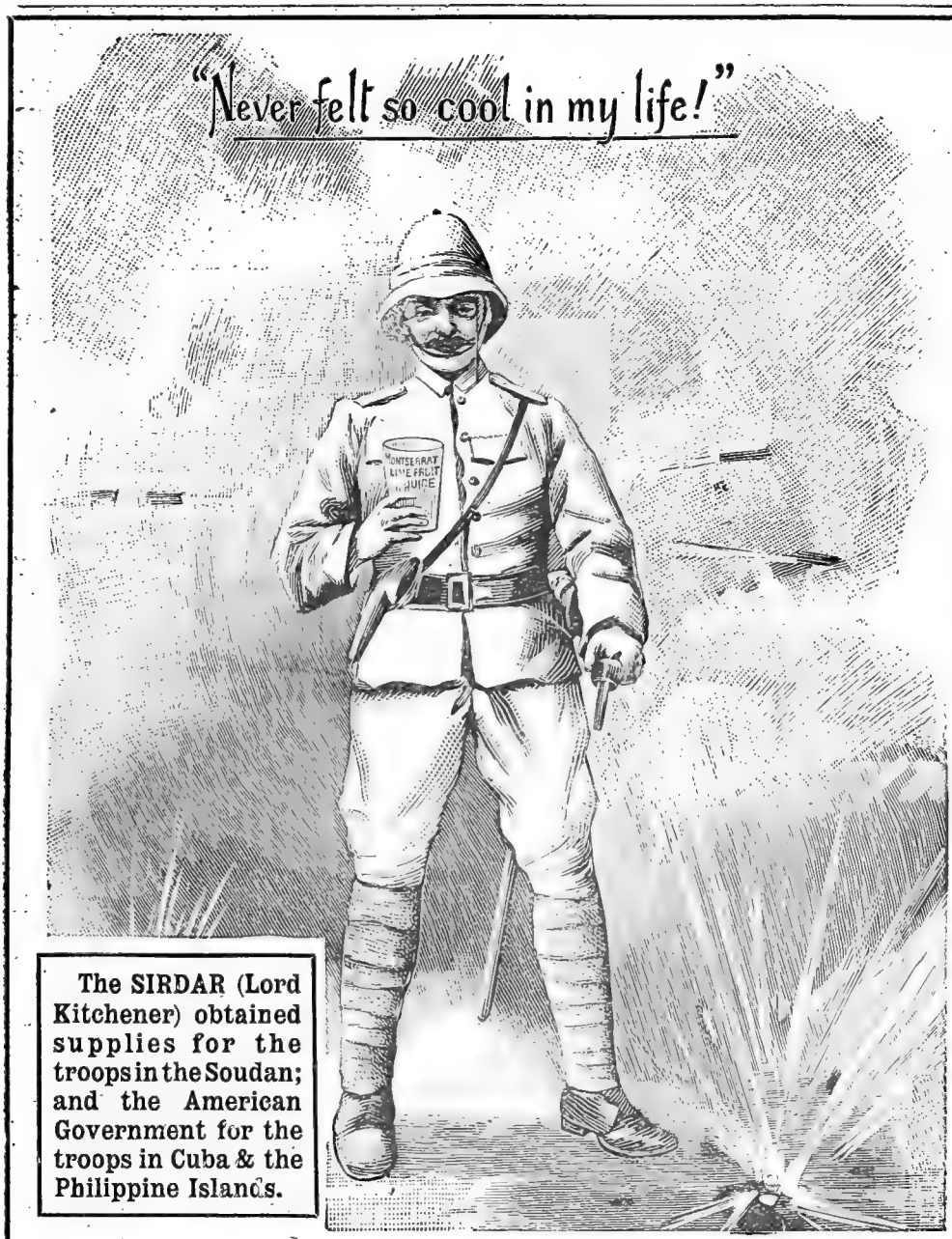

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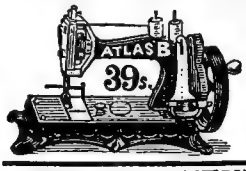

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